



# Catholic Digest

JULY 1964

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***A Psychiatrist  
Discovers God***

PAGE 15



COVER: "... one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." American tots may soon recognize God's role in the affairs of men.

Shostal Agency photo

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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# *My Good Angel of Death*

*Father Lord reflects on his doctor's diagnosis of cancer*

By DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

I HAD COME TO St. John's hospital in St. Louis for my quarterly anesthetic and fulguration. I hope I have that word right: it means literally to be struck by lightning. And that is what my surgeon, Dr. Bartels, says he does when he puts his instruments deep into my bladder and with electric current hits the small but annoying growths. That has been going on for almost six years; ask me anything about going under an anesthetic, and I can be very vivid. This time, as often before, I also had X rays taken of my lungs.

I had emerged from the anesthetic, and was relaxing peacefully in bed, when Dr. Bartels entered the room. With him was one of the kindest men who ever lived, my physician, Dr. A. P. Munsch. It was clearly a committee, so when they sat down, I grinned, and they smiled wryly. I asked, "News?" And they said, "Yes."

Then I started guessing. "Return of my old TB? Heart condition?" They shook their friendly heads.

"Don't tell me it's cancer," I said, half joking.

"You'd want to know the truth,

wouldn't you?" they quickly asked.

Well, all my life, I've wanted to know the truth. I have always thought the truth, pleasant or unpleasant, is something to which people have a right; and in the end, truth is the only kind answer. So I nodded. "It's cancer," said the doctors, "cancer of the lungs."

I suppose my next question was inevitable. "How long do I live?"

They answered in a sort of quick and eager dialogue. They were good friends as well as great doctors, and they wanted to make it as easy as possible.

"Who knows? There is no predicting with cancer. If you were a young man, your time might be short indeed. The same natural law which makes healthy tissue and cells in a young man grow fast, makes his wild tissues and cells also grow fast. At your age, 65, it may move very slowly. We never can tell. Patients show all the signs, register on the plates, come back six months later, and no cancer. We can build up, as we mean to do with you, a buttress, a containing wall of healthy cells around the wild ones; and they may hold the

bad boys in check for a long time."

There was a second question. "Can I go on with my normal life and work?"

Their answer was wonderfully reassuring. "Absolutely. In fact, that is precisely the thing to do. If you come to regard yourself as an invalid, you'll hamper treatment, and speed up the disease. If you keep at your normal work, see your friends, eat well, and put back that weight you've dieted off, keep cheerful and contented, you'll be a perfect patient, and we can have all possible hope. What's the schedule for the next few months?"

It was a fairly heavy one, and we discussed it. "You mustn't get yourself overtired. You have to get decent sleep and rest and, once more, all the good food you care to eat. We'll watch, and God is good."

I write this little message of hope and confidence three months and a half after the decision. The doctors kept me in the hospital for a bit, and then turned me loose. In a sudden spurt of energy and a determination to use time to the best advantage, I found that I was itching to be at my typewriter and to write some of those books that I had long planned.

Then I hit the road, back at my routine of talks and meetings. I went out to Loretto Heights college, Denver, to keynote their Christian Humanism conference and give the opening and closing talks.

Milwaukee offered me a chance to talk to 8,000 CYOers in the big municipal auditorium. In Detroit, we finished up the details of *Light Up the Land*, a film version of our University of Detroit musical on American education. In Toronto, I worked with the local committees on *Joy for the World*, which next October the Catholics will present as their contribution to the Marian year. Back to the University of Notre Dame for the senior retreat, and on to Boston for the *Tre Ore*. Easter at the Carmel in St. Louis, and I write this as I ride back from the Kansas State Sodality Union conference in Dodge City. I am a little shortwinded, perhaps; a little quicker to tire, but thus far I live with cancer and find it a gentle enough companion.

But the interest of the general public has astounded me. Cancer is big news, a great national concern, a preoccupation of the press and the general public. The St. Louis papers kindly gave my illness just the most general notice. But out-of-town papers and the news agencies wished details. How did I feel? What happened when I was told? What did I plan? How long would it be? Would I still attempt the Toronto spectacle? Did I consider myself an invalid?

Then the mail poured in. It came from kind friends and complete strangers; from hundreds who had sure cures which they generously shared with me; religious sects bent



upon converting me; childhood companions who wrote sympathetically 50 years later; important people whom I hardly had met in passing; fellow victims writing in encouragement or for encouragement. And with the help of my infallible secretary, Marian Prendergast, I tried to answer them all. They had been kind; cancer interested or frightened them, too; and they wanted to share with me their sympathy and ask if I had anything to share with them.

Perhaps I had and have. I cannot quite understand the appalling fear of cancer. I have known so many who died gracefully from it: the dear old nun portress across the street from my office who never missed a day on phone or door until she went to bed to die within weeks of a cancer no one had suspected; my priest friend who, with cancer of the tongue, went quietly to his room, spent months becoming a saint, and died with a smile; the dean of the women's college who ran the school from her bed, held interviews, pushed forward the college's development, and served almost better sick from cancer than in the full bloom of her health.

When the verdict was cancer, I was relieved. I had expected to die some day of heart trouble, or a stroke, and I dreaded that sudden and perhaps sacramentless death. I had been shelved once before with TB, and a recurrence would para-

lyze me. I doubted if I had the courage to accept the martyrdom and passion of arthritis. Cancer seemed kindly, almost like the preliminary coming of the Angel of Death to say, "Not quite yet, but you've time to do some thinking and praying and straightening out life's ledgers." I liked the gentle warning, for I had always in the Litany of the Saints said with great feeling, "From a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver me."

Cancer actually seems to incapacitate less than most fatal diseases, and loving my life, my work, and my friends, I was grateful that I could cling normally and affectionately to all.

Perhaps at the moment of the verdict, I appreciated most keenly my Religious priesthood. No one could be more aware of his sins, faults, and bad jobs than I am, and of my failures as a priest. Yet my priestly and Religious vows had prepared me for the calm acceptance of what I heard. Dear as friends have been and are, none of them so essentially depends upon me that my loss will disarrange a life. Much as I have loved my work, laying it down will upset nothing and no one. So often have I taught the faith to others, that of a sudden, I found my new friend, cancer, teaching the faith to me.

There is a God who permits disease as the prelude to death, the deliverer.

Death is not the end but the beginning of the only life which can satisfy the restless, limitless, glorious cravings of a human soul.

If there should be pain, Christ bore pain first and shares it in divine generosity.

And well or sick, we are God's children, deeply loved and providentially guarded.

Almost without thinking, I told a reporter, "God knows His business, and I think He can handle this without too much worry from me." More than a hundred people have written to tell me they are glad that is so. I have felt the warmth and friendship of friends who have been kind without any thought of gratitude from me. I have known the loving and highly skilled service of the Sisters of Mercy. My doctors have given me complete confidence that, if there is a cure or a palliation, they will find it. I lived for a month in St. John's hospital across the street from the great Cancer Clinic of St. Louis and I'd look at it and think, "Over there, patient scientists are working to discover a cure for me." From Canada came an invitation to come up and let them try the new radioactive cobalt. I have met the Toronto doctors and they have set a date for my first bombardment.

Some newspapers have been a bit ghoulish. (One paper headlined an account of our Toronto spectacle thus: "Show Must Go On, Producer Probably Will Not.")

Most friends ignore the subject, treat me as a perfectly healthy man, and are as gay as I care to be. And that is peacefully and sincerely gay.

I cannot but feel that the dread of cancer is vastly exaggerated. People with cancer live often long and sturdily. Cancer does not necessarily withdraw a man from his normal routine. Since we all must die, God seems kindly when He sends a messenger in advance with a gentle but emphatic warning. Surely we can all use a little time to get ready for the Judgment. The realization that one has cancer sharpens one's whole outlook on life; the earth is more beautiful, the sky a little clearer, and every moment of the day precious, a thing to be hoarded.

May I close this inadequate statement with a little joke on myself? It was January, 1954, when I was told I had cancer of the lungs. The other day, I returned to St. John's for a chest plate and the scientific lightning. Sister Mary Johnita took my plate, and said, "I wonder why the sudden interest in your lung cancer. After all, it's a secondary cancer. Why didn't someone get excited over the cancer of the bladder which you have had for probably eight years?"

I gulped in astonishment. Four times a year I had returned for bladder treatment. Since I dislike amateur doctors as much as I admire professionals, I had never asked my physicians what they

were treating, and since they could keep the "growths" in control, there was no point in disturbing me. But I confess I laughed. Here I have been living with cancer for eight full years, continuing all my normal work, branching into new fields like our civic spectacles in Midland, Ont., Detroit, and Jamaica, bothering no one, and completely untroubled in mind.

I am glad that the nation is cancer conscious. But when I read that it is man's worst enemy, I am not

so sure. I do not think God allows enemies to prevail; rather He seems to use the things we dread to draw us closer to Him. Since we must die, and since death is really the entrance into life, I am personally glad that cancer, the kindly messenger, came quite a bit in advance . . . and that I have been permitted to read what often sounds suspiciously like my own obituaries.

And life seems sweetest when it melts gently into the Life that is our Eternal Promise.

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### *Hearts Are Trumps*

YEARS AGO, as a teacher of English, I was looking over some compositions submitted by my class. A city-wide speech contest was to be held, and I had been appointed to select the student who would represent our school. I told each to write a draft of the speech he would give if selected.

I was discouraged to find that nearly all the compositions turned in were either copied from famous speeches or showed signs of parental help.

Finally I came upon one which was youthful and sincere in tone. It was just the kind of thing an intelligent 12-year-old boy might have written. Its author was a lad named Harry; and I selected him for the contest.

Every morning for weeks Harry and I would meet before and after school, and go over his oration. As I coached him, I could see Harry turning almost before my eyes from a harum-scarum boy into a hard-working, well-poised youth.

The night of the contest came, and Harry won first place. He received a great ovation. His parents and he were grateful for my coaching, and said so. But soon Harry was graduated, and I thought no more about him.

Twenty years later, I was invited to attend a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. The guest of honor, a lawyer from another city, turned out to be my former pupil Harry. He made the principal speech of the occasion, and my eyes filled with tears as I heard him pay tribute to me for having had a part in starting him on a successful career in the law. I felt amply repaid for the help I had given him.

F. K. Kelley.

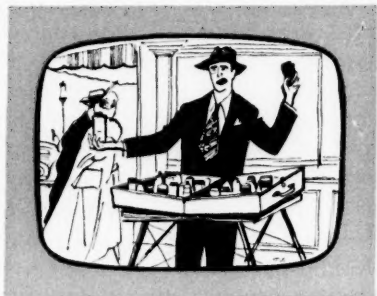
[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# Those TV Commercials!

*Many advertisers are irritating  
their customers and defeating  
their own ends*

By MARYA MANNES

Condensed from the *Reporter*\*



I RECENTLY spent nearly a day watching TV commercials, occasionally interrupted by programs. This is contrary to what most viewers do, but I wished to see for myself just which commercials were tolerable and why.

My first category was to be "Commercials I Like." I soon found that the only entries I could list here were not so much commercials as ads devoted to keeping the name and achievements of a corporation in the public eye. The documentaries that accompany *March of Medicine* on NBC, *See It Now* on CBS, and *The U.S. Steel Hour* on ABC interest me because the intricacy and might of American production interest me. But in the straight selling field, I found that my top category had to be reduced to "Commercials I Don't Mind."

I could not honestly like any commercial; I would have preferred in each instance a blank screen. All "Commercials I Don't

Mind" were cartoons accompanied by jingles. I did not mind the bubble action in Bab-O, embodied in a cheerful little blob who jumps out of a can and cleans an impossibly dirty sink in one frothing swoosh. I did not mind the clothes that had faces and danced about on the washline and sang, "Oxydol beats the sun." Those and others like them were brisk, cheerful, silly, ingenious, and quickly over.

The commercials I minded most were those delivered by male pitchmen. Some of them have faces that belong in a police line-up; their voices, gravelly or fruity, would never get past my back door. But there they are in my living room, forcing a vacuum cleaner or a can of dog food onto me.

I am happy to say, however, that this kind of selling is gradually giving way to a more civilized approach. I have noticed a few male barkers lately whom one might just possibly wish to meet. They are of

\*220 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. March 2, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Fortnightly Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the Garry Moore breed—relaxed, intelligent-looking, casual, and slightly tweedy. You can imagine them liking Mozart, taking dogs for walks, or even reading. They sell, to be sure, but with a disarming lack of urgency, an “I don’t know much about this but it’s probably pretty good” sort of manner.

Following the hyperthyroid salesmen on my “intense dislike” list are men in white coats pretending to be doctors and men in overalls pretending to be workmen. I cannot believe that they fool anybody. They debase the occupations they assume and the products they sell. Doesn’t the advertising code forbid “false and misleading statements,” and would this not apply also to false and misleading characters?

Nor do I care for the radiant ladies who hold up flawlessly manicured hands and tell you that their detergent “pampers soft and lovely skin.” I doubt if there is a woman alive who has not discovered that, while a detergent may not actually tear your skin off, it cannot *help* your hands. Any substance strong enough to cut grease cannot possibly benefit skin. “Pamper” is nonsense.

I loathe with a virulent loathing the use of *Yes* in “Yes, folks,” or “Yes, ladies,” without which nothing, apparently, can be sold on the air.

I don’t think that I stand alone in my complaints. Rebellion against

commercials is rising daily. One after another, the persons queried in reports such as that recently made by Edward L. Bernays have used the words “insufferably repetitious, irritating, boring, phony, misleading, repulsive, moronic, tasteless,” and, above all, “defeating their own ends.” One man said, “Obviously, most advertisers rely on the old advertising rule of repetition. They forget that repetition can be overdone to the point where it creates consumer animosity.”

Advertisers forget that their audience doesn’t need to be told the same thing ten times over. They forget that brevity and truthfulness are far more impressive than length and exaggeration.

Above all, they should learn that the best way to sell is to entertain and to inform. Television is a new and superb medium for both, and it is doing neither. Advertisers are still circus barkers, attempting, with coyness, noise, and hyperbole, to lure the crowd inside.

Advertisers should do a great deal more with cartoons and music. In imaginative and original hands, cartoons could make commercials an addition instead of an intrusion. Much of the animation on TV is still primitive. Let the boys have a look at some of the things cartoonists are doing in the movies (*Madeleine* and *Mr. Magoo*) and get busy with Cheer and Fab.

Not enough is being done in documentary advertising: showing the consumer how the product is actually made. Good pictures of textile machines, cosmetic manufacture, or soapmaking can fascinate and convince. I can think of no better way of building up consumer confidence than the sight of the wonders of American production, packaging, and distribution. Here is the visual "proof of the pudding." But it is not found in the glistening hair of the Drene model who may privately, for all we know, shampoo with something else, or in the gardenia hands of the Dreft model who probably wears gloves when she washes dishes.

TV advertisers have also neglected one of their greatest potential assets: ordinary people. A housewife's halting explanation of why she uses a certain product is far more convincing than an announcer's creamy flow. Advertisers should, whenever they can, have their selling done by nonprofessional users rather than by professional talkers. I will buy something if Mary Brown says it did fine by her. I will not buy it on the word of a man paid to tell me how good it is.

But new approaches will not cure the commercial blight unless advertisers adopt a time code for commercials. I would suggest that they be limited to about 8% of total TV time instead of the current 18%.

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The next step would be to prohibit any interruption of a performance (play, ballet, concert, or opera) by a commercial, whether the performance lasted 15 minutes or an hour. No single commercial would be permitted to exceed two minutes in length. The position, character, and placement of the commercial would be under the final jurisdiction of the network and not of the sponsor. Then the situation could not exist where the climactic line of a fine drama is followed, with shocking immediacy, by a deodorant ad.

There would be plenty of complications. How to classify, for instance, those programs which are really nothing more than a steady stream of commercials: the give-away shows, the beauty-advice shows, the housewife-jamboree shows? These are little more than frames for the presentation of products ranging from watches to deep freezers, and the line between *entertainment* and *advertisement* is so faint as to be imperceptible.

I can hear, in any case, the derision of many sponsors and perhaps some agency boys as they read this heresy. They have a stock answer: "TV sales are at an all-time high. TV time is so expensive that we can't afford to throw our money away."

Your money, gentlemen, is your audience. And you can't afford to throw *that* away.

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# Hartford Cleans Up the Comics

*The idea is to get the drugstores to send the offensive ones back to the distributors who will send them back to the publishers who will go out of business*

By CHARLES L. TOWNE

Condensed from *Editor & Publisher\**

**T**HE BRUTAL murder of an 11-year-old girl shortly before Christmas started the *Hartford Courant* on a campaign that has had nationwide reverberations. The neighborhood where the killing occurred had had constant trouble with juvenile delinquents. Thomas E. Murphy, *Courant* editorial writer, wondered what sort of comic books the youngsters in that area were reading.

Mr. Murphy bought a few and was horrified at the crime, sex, sadism, and cannibalism he found between their covers. He wrote about them in his weekly column, *Of Many Things*, and asked the question of parents, "Do you know what your children are reading?"

Reporter Irving M. Kravsov was sent on a tour of the city to buy the magazines. He visited drugstores and newsstands in every part of the city, asking, "Do you have any comic books for children?"

"Indeed we do," was the answer every time. In a few days, he had collected a staggering number. For

two weeks he did nothing but read comic books and make notes on their contents. When he finished, he made his report to the editors: "These books are so bad they defy adequate description."

The editors gave him the green light to start a full investigation. Mr. Kravsov was sent to New York City, where the bulk of the magazines are published. He talked to publishers, artists, and writers to learn how they justified publishing such shocking magazines for children.

He learned that more than 65 million comic books are distributed each month. He dug deeper, and the evidence mounted.

Back in Hartford again, the reporter, armed with samples of the books, visited priests, ministers, and rabbis, and got statements from them on comic books.

Educators, civic and state leaders, and PTA officials gave him suggestions on what parents and the community could do to combat the comic-book menace.

\*1700 Times Tower, New York City 36. April 3, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Editor & Publisher Co., and reprinted with permission.



State law should hit the distributor of indecent publications. Your local retailer *does not* specifically order any of the materials trucked to him by distributors. Distributors are happy when a local druggist is arrested; they capitalize on the publicity.

A local board set up by ordinance, as in Detroit, should check materials coming into a community. In cases of dispute between police board and distributor, a review of the board's findings is given to the prosecuting attorney.

The local board is not the final authority, and it should not be. The courts must be the last authority. But a screening board can accomplish wonders.

From *Brainwashing: American Style*,  
by Judge Vincent Hollaren of Minnesota.

On Sunday, Feb. 14, two months after the investigation began, the *Courant* started a series of articles. The first article by Mr. Kravsov, headed, "Depravity For Children—10¢ a Copy!" was set two columns wide across the top of page one. With the article, Mr. Murphy wrote an editorial calling for closer supervision by parents of what their children read. It also called for voluntary regulation by publishers, distributors, and retail sellers.

Public reaction was immediate. Telegrams and letters poured in to

the *Courant*. The paper's switchboard was flooded with calls.

All offered help and congratulations. Emergency meetings were held by service and civic organizations, and committees were formed. The response from the public was the greatest the *Courant* had received in many years.

As the series unfolded, requests for reprints came in. Druggists and newsstand operators removed the worst books from the stands, and sent them back to the distributors. The distributors sent them back to the publishers. U.S. Senator William A. Purtell (R., Conn.) asked the Senate Judiciary committee to investigate comic-book publishing.

Six weeks after the articles had appeared, letters were still coming to the *Courant*. The only unfavorable letter was from one of the publishers described in the series. He accused the *Courant* of presenting a biased picture. The same publisher hit back by running full-page ads in his comic books declaring that "the group most anxious to destroy comics are the communists."

The *Courant's* reply was prompt: "Thus do the sellers of literary sewage justify their profits from the debauch of youth. But the jig is now up for the panderers of dirty comic books, and this Red scare is a frantic rear-guard action from a discredited and soon-to-be-deactivated phase of publishing. Their end is in sight, and they know it."

# How Reds Betray Labor

*As in every other field, the dupes of the communists in Cleveland are left holding the bag*

Condensed from the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*\*

**I**N THE seeming security of Greater Cleveland, Ohio, more than 150 workmen lived for months in continual fear of communist violence. They were the men who left the communist-ruled United Electrical Workers, organized a new union, and returned to their vital-to-national-security jobs at Air Maze Corp., Bedford Heights. This was early in 1954.

The UE, expelled from the CIO five years ago as "the Communist party masquerading as a labor union," had been picketing the Air Maze plant for three months. More than 150 of the 350 workers defied Red leadership, crossed the picket line, and went back to work. Ugly things began to happen.

One worker was brutally beaten outside his home. Another's auto window was smashed as he crossed the picket line. The homes of four others were smeared with red paint.

Harder to combat than the thugery, however, was a smear campaign which spread suspicion and hatred through the neighborhoods where the workers live. Circulars were sent to neighbors. Typical of them was a yellow sheet which be-

gan, "Your neighbor—." The name of the worker is written in.

The circular said that "your neighbor" double-crossed his fellow workers. It compared him with Judas who, the circular concluded, "had the decency to hang himself."

The circular was effective. Most of the people who received it thought that an American labor union was presenting its case. They did not know that the "union" in question took its cue from the Kremlin.

In most working-class neighborhoods, sentiment is strongly pro-union. Therefore, the object of the circular often found himself snubbed by his neighbors. In many cases, the ostracism carried over to children at school.

A *Universe Bulletin* reporter went into a neighborhood where the circulars had been at work. He was seeking information on a lone worker, William Howard, who had been brutally beaten by four men outside his home, 9200 Harvard Ave. The victim identified two of his attackers as members of the striking UE.

The reporter checked the block,

\*Chancery Bldg., Cathedral Square, 1027 Superior Ave., N.E., Cleveland 14, Ohio. March 26-April 30, 1954. Copyright 1954 by The Catholic Press Union, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

hoping to find someone who saw the assault. Thanks to the smearing circulars, most people were surprisingly well-informed, or misinformed, about the strike.

A kindly, elderly woman said, "I feel sorry for the poor fellow who was beaten. But a man ought to stick with his own when there's trouble with the boss."

A young mother asked belligerently, "Are you on *his* side?"

Even a teen-age girl thought she knew all about the strike. She said, "A man ought not double-cross those he works with. When there's a strike, you're supposed to stick it out; that's what I believe."

None of the people questioned had any idea that the striking union was led by communists and had in fact been expelled from the CIO for following the Communist-party line.

The reporter called at the victim's house. Although it still was daylight, the shades were down. The door was opened a few inches when the reporter knocked.

Howard, a young, slim fellow, looked out. The reporter handed in his press card, and the door closed again for a few seconds. Then it opened wide enough to admit the reporter.

Howard waved the reporter to a chair. He had a pistol in his hand. He, too, wished to know "which side" the reporter was on. Howard was angry, nervous. He was bitter about the attack. He was frankly

fearful that it might happen again. But he wasn't asking any quarter. He is proud of the stand he had taken, and said, "I'm not going to change, even though I know they might do the same thing again."

Howard and most of those who crossed the picket line were determined not to have anything to do with the UE, even if that union were again recognized by the Air Maze Corp.

Howard said that most of those on strike didn't know the score; they accepted what the UE leadership fed them and refused to believe that the union was communist dominated. He added, "That union doesn't care about the workers. It doesn't care about our country. It is interested only in the Communist party, and I'm not going to have any part of it."

When the reporter left Howard's home, it was dark. As he walked down Harvard Ave., persons he had questioned earlier in the day were standing at lighted windows. He could feel their eyes follow him. Here was an average American street, where the homes had been turned into two bleak rows of sniping suspicion, thanks to the smear campaign of a Red-led union.

That union, the United Electrical Workers, was expelled from the CIO in 1949. The resolution of expulsion declared, "The time has come when the CIO must strip the mask from these false leaders

whose only purpose is to deceive and betray the workers. We can no longer tolerate within the CIO the Communist party masquerading as a labor union. The United Electrical Workers has been selected by the Communist party as its labor base, from which it can operate to betray the economic, political and social welfare of the CIO membership."

The local leaders of the UE include Marie Reed Haug, her husband Fred Haug, and Herbert Hirschberg. All three have been named as Communist-party members in sworn testimony before state and national legislative committees. All three have refused to answer the question, "Are you a member of the Communist party?" when placed under oath by a U.S. Senate committee.

The strike began last January. At that time a contract existed between the company and the UE. It was to expire in spring. The company charged that the UE violated the contract by a series of sit-down strikes. The company closed the plant, and invited the workers to return individually. Almost a third did.

The workers who returned formed an independent union and negotiated a new contract with the company. The UE complained to the National Labor Relations Board.

The UE withdrew its complaint before the labor board made a ruling. The withdrawal delayed a de-

cision and permitted the strike to drag on. What was the reason for the withdrawal? Company and union had each their own versions. But one fact is clear. It is a policy of the labor board to give a union a chance to withdraw a complaint before a ruling is made against the union.

The board's ruling would have gone against UE. Sit-down strikes were declared illegal by the U.S. Supreme court about 15 years ago.

Another fact is clear. Air Maze Corp. makes vital parts for jet fighter planes. Any stoppage or slowdown in that work is to the definite advantage of world communism.

Air Maze was caught in a squeeze. But the company is not without blame. The United Electrical Workers Union was expelled from the CIO and branded as communist-dominated almost five years ago.

Since then, Air Maze carried on negotiations with UE, apparently unconcerned about the kind of union it was, as long as production was not interrupted.

At the end of any contract over the last five years, Air Maze could have asked for an election to bring in the CIO, and thus do its collective bargaining with a union loyal to American principles. Air Maze never did.

In the end, the communist-led UE quit cold on its remaining 250 strikers, leaving them without jobs

or strike benefits. Early in the strike, the proposal was made to the union members that they abandon the UE, join the CIO, and negotiate a settlement. The proposal was overwhelmingly rejected on the argument that then the striking workmen would lose their strike benefits.

The rank-and-file workers probably didn't know they were acting illegally when they followed their communist leaders on the sit-down

strike which began hostilities between Air Maze and the UE. Among them are men and women who have worked at Air Maze from five to 18 years. The majority of them are not communists.

Now, the strike-headquarters tent near the Air Maze plant has been pulled down and pickets have been withdrawn. Members of the UE are seeking jobs—and asking why they were led to strike in the first place.

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## *Grace Is Contagious*

IT WAS early morning, and only a handful of customers sat at the lunch counter. All were staring silently into space as they dawdled over their coffee and cigarettes.

Then a six-year-old girl entered the drugstore with her mother. She sat at the counter and soon had her breakfast before her. Before tasting her meal, the little girl looked up at her mother, and in a small, piping voice asked, "Mommy, don't they say grace here?"

There was dead silence for a moment. Mother looked embarrassed. But the counterwoman walked over to the girl and said, "We certainly do. Would you be so kind as to say it?" Each one of the customers bowed his head while the little girl asked God's blessing on their meal.

Suddenly the atmosphere changed. The young man behind the counter

said, "Well, this will be my last day here. I'm off to Korea tomorrow."

A young Negro looked up and smiled, "Why, I have just got back from there."

The lady who had been glued to her crossword puzzle said, "We'll miss you. Good luck."

The businessman came out from behind his paper to start a conversation. A new warmth spread in that cold-looking drugstore. Strangers became for a moment friends.

As each customer left to go his separate way, he stopped to shake hands with the counterwoman, and to say a friendly word to the little girl and her mother.

It had been a pleasant few minutes that none of them was likely to forget. A little child's simple faith had made them realize that they all were brothers.

Eleanor H. Grant.

# A Psychiatrist Discovers God

*Among man's deepest needs is one to find meaning in human life.  
Freud's sex-drive and Adler's will-to-power do not  
account for all human motivations*

By M. ARTHUR KLINE, M.D.

MEN AND WOMEN yearn for a purpose in life above their own desires for sexual pleasure and personal ambition. They are born with a spiritual urge as strong as their instincts of sex and hunger.

This basically Christian idea has been made the foundation of a new Viennese school of psychiatric thought. Leader of the group is a teacher who is still practically unknown in America, Dr. Viktor Frankl. He teaches neurology and psychiatry at the University of Vienna and is president of the Austrian Society of Medical Psychotherapy. His books are being introduced into medical schools and his methods into clinics in France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Argentina. Thus far, his lessons go unheeded in the U.S.

Dr. Frankl's belief is simple: men and women are driven not only by sex and ambition but also by an overriding need for God. They must overcome the modern notion that religion and God are not real needs and that it is unso-

phisticated to search for a spiritual side to life.

Religion, like love-making, the doctor says, is an intimate matter. We can hide our innermost feelings about God from other people, but if we conceal them from our own conscious minds we arouse deadly conflicts within ourselves.

"To deny the spiritual side of one's nature does it great violence," he asserts. "I have known many cases where patients who were willing to expose every detail of their sexual histories without shame became tongue-tied when I inquired about their spiritual lives."

Recently a woman patient told Dr. Frankl of a dream in which she found herself in a large crowd at an amusement park. Everyone was walking in one direction, but she was struggling against the mob, fighting to go the opposite way.

"I knew what direction I should follow," she recounted, "because I was guided by a light in the sky." At first, she said, this light was vague and diffused, but as she

struggled toward it, it grew clearer and she recognized it as the figure of a man.

When Dr. Frankl asked her if she could identify the man she became deeply embarrassed. She blushed and finally admitted it was the figure of Christ. She had fallen away from her religion years before, she explained. Now, in spite of her feeling that people all around her were leading frivolous lives (in an amusement park), she was being drawn toward her need for religion. Yet she had attempted to conceal this feeling from even her doctor.

So numerous have such cases been in Dr. Frankl's experience that he believes this "unconsciousness of God" is more widespread than he had originally thought. He estimates that three quarters of the people of Europe suffer from this repression in some form. He calls the repression of the spiritual "the real pathology of our age."

This scientist pins blame for today's great emotional problems on this spiritual repression. It leads people to ruin their chances for happiness in four ways.

1. By acting "provisionally," as if what they do has no real importance. It encourages adults to say, "What's the use of planning? We'll probably be killed by an atom bomb anyway."

2. By believing more and more in fatalism, which says that man cannot control himself or the world

about him and therefore he need not act for himself.

3. By surrendering to the mass, the herd, in setting his goals and forming his opinions, thereby making totalitarianism possible.

4. By accepting fanaticism, which leads to intolerance of others' feelings and peculiarities.

"These four fallacies lead a person to believe that his own life has no value," Dr. Frankl told me. "This state of mind alone is enough to drive some men and women into depression. It appears in the question so many patients ask, 'What is life all about?'"

He thinks that the chief older psychiatric ideas that sex and ambition dominate the lives of men and women can no longer answer this question.

"Ours is an age of intellectual confusion, with a topsy-turvy sense of values. Materialism rides high; but our time is also a period of deep tragedy and acute political crisis. To take the shocks of wars and threats of war with no religious beliefs to support us is a task too great for men," Dr. Frankl maintains.

"In easy, comfortable centuries people may imagine that they can endure a life without higher meaning; in our age it is impossible. Man must have a moral task. He must see his own life as meaningful.

"The atheist philosophy of recent decades has discouraged our gen-



eration by telling us that we are the more or less helpless victims of our feelings, our impulses and our sex drives on the one hand, and on the other, the mere product of heredity and environment. Human dignity has been destroyed.

"Man is freer than he thinks. As long as we do not underrate our human capacities nor cripple them by low, limited ideals, we shall find it possible to be serene in whatever circumstances life places us. Men, today, are generally quite aware that they have instincts and unconscious sex drives; but many moderns have forgotten that they are also spiritual beings."

After visiting his clinic in Vienna, attending his lectures to medical students, and discussing his findings with him, I find that Dr. Frankl's ideas are based on four fundamental conclusions.

1. Men and women have a universal aspiration toward serving goodness, which aspiration is as strong as their instincts of sex and hunger.

2. Every man and woman needs a belief in a personal God, to find happiness. In some cases, failure to admit this need may lead eventually to a neurosis.

3. Too many psychiatrists ignore the need for a higher meaning in life.

4. For many people, psychiatry has put religion into disrepute. Intentionally or not, it has helped increase the God-shyness of our age.

Speaking of the concepts of his school, Dr. Frankl says, "We recognize that man is often more religious than he thinks. More men have laid down their lives for spiritual ideals than for sexual love; how, then, can psychiatrists, in logic, place all their stress on sexual motivations and ignore other interests which are proven to be quite as strong?"

Psychiatrists who ignore the spiritual side of mental disorders, he points out, are like doctors who pretend the patient has no body above his neck. Doctors today agree that a physician must consider the patient's psychological condition. So also, says Dr. Frankl, must the doctor consider seriously his spiritual condition.

A young patient years ago brought this principle home forcefully. The young man was in a hospital after attempting suicide. He was shortly to be discharged, even though he had freely admitted that he planned another suicide attempt because "nothing in my life justifies the effort to go on."

The young man refused help from religious advisers. "I was faced with a moral problem," Dr. Frankl reflects. "Should a physician stand aside and let such a patient kill himself because we have no pills or psychiatric answer to save him? Or shall we attempt to bring him to the threshold of meaningful living, to the foothills of religion itself?"

"I made my decision then, and I have never altered it. I led him to conclude for himself that suicide is never the solution, and that his life, too, had a value."

If this new school achieves a place in scientific thought, it could give psychiatry a third cornerstone supplementing the teaching of Sigmund Freud, who believed men cared most for pleasure, and of Alfred Adler, who believed men were driven hardest by ambition. Dr. Frankl sees man driven not only by the will-to-pleasure or the will-to-power but by the will-to-meaning.

People who lead meaningful lives, he declares, are fully alive, creative, and at peace. To help individual patients find meaning in their own lives, he aims first at overcoming the patient's self-centeredness. The patient will forget to worry about his symptoms and his frustrations when his mind can focus on meaningful living beyond himself.

"The neurotic is always too self-centered," observes Dr. Frankl. "The psychiatry established by Freud insisted that patients review their life histories, sometimes for several hours a week for years. These methods trained them to concentrate even more intently on themselves and often made them worse."

He says, "We know that the man or woman who thinks about his breathing begins to breathe ir-

regularly. A child told to put his left foot in one spot and his right foot six inches ahead of it soon forgets how to walk. The individual who concentrates on his own health becomes a hypochondriac, and, eventually, an invalid. Anyone too anxious to make a good impression makes a bad one. The person trying too hard to sleep is the certain victim of insomnia."

A person who becomes interested in discovering what he can give to life, says Dr. Frankl, will find his destructive self-centeredness crowded out by this larger interest. "It is impossible," he goes on, "to imagine any human situation which does not offer a man a valuable task and some kind of unique mission."

One step toward showing a patient how to view life in meaningful terms, he explains, is to free him of his fears. Fears can grow out of all rational proportion to reality. They cause many of man's neuroses.

Dr. Frankl would teach troubled persons to see their fears as something they can control and even learn to laugh at. He insists that every man and woman has a free will. He adds, "Only a man convinced of his dignity as a free being endowed with a spiritual soul can find happiness. This freedom means more than freedom, it means responsibility."

In a time when human beings live under the threat of global war

and atomic destruction, this reassertion of man's power to guide his own destiny is a message of hope.

Dr. Frankl hit upon his theory while in a nazi concentration camp. There he developed his concern over the meaning of life and man's need for God. "Even in a concentration camp, life can be worth living—and I was a prisoner in three such camps, including Auschwitz and Dachau," he explains. "The inmates there did not keep sane by dwelling on the ideas with which psychoanalysis has flooded the world. Instead, many of them sought a spiritual meaning in their predicament, and learned, through

suffering, to draw closer to God."

The horrors of the prison camps convinced Dr. Frankl that psychiatry needs a new emphasis. Otherwise, it cannot offer hope against modern suffering. He recently said, "The common neuroses of our day are not due to the same causes as those of patients 50 years ago, and they will not yield to the same kind of cure.

"Freud once said, 'Men know that they have souls. It is my task to teach them that they also have instincts.' Today the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme—perhaps because of the Freudian teachings themselves."



### *Quip, Be Quick*

WHEN Eugene Meyer, of the *Washington Post*, concluded negotiations to purchase the multi-million-dollar *Washington Times-Herald*, he stepped into the snack bar of the *Post* for a cup of coffee. Fishing around for money to pay the check, he finally had to apologize, "I'm sorry, but I don't seem to have a nickel. I just bought a newspaper."

Les and Liz Carpenter in *Quote*.

THE GREAT musical-comedy star, George M. Cohan, wired a Florida hotel for reservations for a winter vacation. The manager answered, saying that Mr. Cohan must be mistaken in his choice of hotels; his hotel did not accept Jewish patrons. Cohan wired back, "Apparently we are both mistaken. You thought I was Jewish. I thought you were gentlemen."

Henry Nodset.



FOLLOWING a formal dinner, Justice William O. Douglas emerged under the embassy portico. The butler, according to custom, called to the waiting chauffeurs: "The car for Mr. Justice Douglas, the car for Mr. Justice Douglas!" To which the amiable judge replied, as he started away on foot, "It's a good car, but it doesn't come when it's called."

*New Republic*.

# Cardinal of Reddest Italy

*Bologna's communists face an ancient, all-powerful weapon of the Church, wielded by Giacomo Lercaro*

By KEES VAN HOEK

**B**OLOGNA is a city of grave age and solemn beauty. To the student of politics, there is nothing incongruous in the fact that Bologna, under Mussolini the fiercest fascist stronghold in Italy is now the Reddest capital of her Reddest province. In the last municipal elections the Christian Democrats ousted the communists from control of all the big cities, with the one exception of Bologna.

Nor is there anything incongruous in the fact that, three years ago, when the Holy See had to appoint a new archbishop to Bologna, it chose Giacomo Lercaro. Only four years earlier he had been a parish priest in Genoa. As archbishop of Red Ravenna, his first episcopal post, Monsignor Lercaro had the courage to pool and redistribute the income of the clergy. "To everyone something," was

his new rule; "those who have more should not have so much." As a result of this and similar reforms, the Christian Democrats doubled their vote, and the communists lost the majority they had held in Ravenna.



By sending Monsignor Lercaro to Bologna, and creating him a cardinal barely a year later, the Holy See pitted its most eminent "Don Camillo" against the communists' most plausible "Peppone," Bologna's Mayor Giuseppe Dozza. Dozza, an ex-teacher and an exile from fascism, is suave and

pleasant-mannered, but a hard nut withal, as befits a member of the Central committee of the party. The two made a picture that could have come straight out of the imagination of Guareschi: the cardinal and the communist mayor side by side laying the first stone of a

new sports stadium. As representative of the secular power, the mayor had insisted on being the first to trowel the mortar on the foundation stone, but the cardinal stole the show by solemnly blessing it. It didn't seem incongruous in Red Bologna, where the communist city council maintains the vigil lamp burning perpetually in front of the lovely terra-cotta Virgin and Child enthroned high on the façade of City hall.

Giacomo (James) Cardinal Lercaro was born 63 years ago at Quinto al Mare, a coastal township near Genoa. His people were humble and poor (and stayed so; the cardinal's eldest brother died recently, a night watchman in a Genoa factory). His father worked as a gardener, and pulled a strong oar as boatswain of the local life-saving boat. He died young, and to his wife fell the task of looking after their seven children. Mamma Lercaro lived to see her son a Prince of the Church; she died in his palace last year at the age of 101.

Cardinal Lercaro was ordained a priest in 1914. He served as curate in poor parishes in Genoa, finally to become pastor of the Church of Maria Immacolata. In addition to parish duties, Don Giacomo taught philosophy and religion at a Genoa high school, and later became well known as a lecturer. He was always outspoken against fascism. During the war, he sheltered so

many Jews, Partisans, and other men on the run that at one time he had to flee for his life, hiding himself in a monastery. To be a hermit, he remarked recently, is a cold business, even in sunny Italy.

After 33 years of active parish work, Father Lercaro was elevated to the See of Ravenna. When in 1951, the archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Nasalli-Rocca, died, Archbishop Lercaro was invited by the Bolognese to preach the funeral oration. They knew him well from his lectures on philosophy and liturgy.

A few weeks later came his own transfer to the See of Bologna. Monsignor Lercaro and his housekeeper-sister Theresa walked up the Via Altabella, passed through wrought-iron gates and a fountained courtyard, and mounted the double stairs to the *Arcivescovado*, one of the finest archiepiscopal residences in Italy.

The story goes that as he strolled through the imposing apartments of his new home he made a memorable remark to his sister. "So many rooms—and to think that there are so many people who haven't a roof over their heads to shelter them against the wind and the rain." He at once put his rooms to practical use. In Ravenna, he had taken in some orphans, among them some who had lost homes and families in floods (during which he had gone out himself in a boat to succor the distressed

areas). In Bologna he greatly enlarged his unofficial Ravenna family. He now has 17 boys living with him, and one of the biggest parlors has been changed into a dormitory. He fills the roll of father to them so conscientiously that—an early riser himself—he calls them personally every morning, in time for university, school or job. He pays for their schooling or, for those who have not the talent to study, he finds a job.

They regularly take their meals with the cardinal, and he does not sit down until they are all with him. There is no false piety about this extraordinary family circle; the boys can have their pleasantries and practical jokes. The young men may smoke, though the cardinal himself does not.

Care for the young has always appealed to his pastoral heart. Like all Italians, he loves children. At his public appearances he may bend to hug a *bambino* or pinch a youngster's cheek. His unofficial family of 17 keeps him young. It also keeps him very directly informed on what goes on in the outside world, from university to workshop, as the boys discuss their day's experiences and problems.

Even in Reddest Bologna nobody can say a word against the cardinal; no other cardinal in Italy is so revered. When I called at his palace I had to wait in the high, marble-floored vestibule. A red biretta on a silver salver denoted that His

Eminence was in. A fluorescent ceiling light looked oddly modern amid the heavy damask trappings.

I asked my fellow visitors what the cardinal was like. "A very good man," said one. "Very business-like," said another. "Generous of himself," put in a young friar. A young *contessa* observed, "He will put you at once at your ease. I find I can speak to him as I would to my own father."

The cardinal's heavily laden desk stands in a study adjoining the throne room. The study was once that of the Bologna archbishop, also a Genoese, who became Pope Benedict XV. The cardinal invariably receives visitors in a corner, home-like with table, chairs, and a settee.

Cardinal Lercaro is a smallish, well-proportioned man, with a head squarely placed on broad shoulders. Strength and finesse are his most striking features; the pronounced, firmly bridged nose has finely chiseled nostrils, the strong hands have beautifully tapered fingers. His silken hair, streaked with gray, is still thick; his lean Latin-dark cheeks have a pinkish glow of health. He wears light horn-rimmed glasses. His plain, gold pectoral cross is of modern design, and only his heavy ring, a large amethyst embedded in a deep oval of diamonds, has a Renaissance splendor.

Apart from my talk with him, I had the chance to watch him lecture at the university. As he passed



me he gave the slightest gesture of recognition, yet it was a special greeting which revealed him as born to the manner of princes.

He talks easily, fluently, and often narrows his eyelids or closes them entirely. You feel as if you are hearing a fine mind thinking aloud, as he cocks his head while taking a mental hurdle. The quiet gesticulation of his hands makes the slightest accompaniment to the music of his words.

Last December the cardinal was quite ill. The doctors feared cancer. A second examination happily brought to light the fact that, despite his 63 years, his physique was remarkably strong. All he suffered from was overwork, and a rest cure at the Riviera was suggested. The proposal horrified the cardinal, who decided that he would find a more stimulating rest among his boys at home.

His overwork had many causes. Even his systematic day, from five A.M. to 11 P.M., does not suffice for his many exacting tasks. He is not the man to delegate work. He has visited every parish in his archdiocese of 700,000 Catholics. He travels in a black Lancia, a gift from his people.

One of his diocesan inspections in April, 1953, took him through the town of Casaglia. There he saw a friar addressing an attentive crowd on the piazza. The sight impressed him so much that he asked the speaker, Father Tomaso Toschi,

a 31-year-old Franciscan, to call on him the next morning. Thus and then was the *Fraternitas* (Brotherhood) born. The people now call them the *Frati Volanti* (Flying Friars), because of the speed with which they drive their two rented Fiat station wagons. Some 20 Order priests, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Salesians, make up the cardinal's flying squad. They all come from working-class families, and all can stand up to opponents should an argument be translated to the physical sphere. They are essentially different from the workmen priests of France, who were priests incognito. The flying friars work with loud-speakers, documentary films, tape recorders; they defend the Church in the broad daylight of the piazza. When the communists booked an ex-priest, the friars heckled him so wittily at his first speaking date that his tour was cancelled.

Astute psychological warfare goes on all the time. When Mayor Dozza gave a children's masked ball in the City hall, the cardinal shifted his pre-Lenten carnival to the same day. Cardinal Lercaro got 20,000 children and an equal number of grownups. The mayor's party drew 400. At every occasion, the cardinal seizes the opportunity to counteract some communist activity. Yet cardinal and mayor remain on most courteous terms. The mayor expressed condolences both officially and personally upon the death of



Cardinal Lercaro's aged mother.

Cardinal Lercaro is not content with merely combating communism; he attacks the roots of it. When a big motor and radio factory threatened to close down, workmen (many with the hammer-and-sickle emblem on their lapels) appealed first to him, and he remonstrated successfully with the government. Government subsidy helped also the erection of Lercaro Village, a settlement of two-family houses (each with its own garden and a bathroom) for newlyweds.

The cardinal's intense concern with the causes of communism has made some commentators dub him the Socialist aspirant to the papal throne; others count him with what they call the left wing of the Christian Democrats. Such free generalizations annoy the cardinal greatly; so much so that of late he keeps aloof from the press. They may well be propagated to embarrass him. There is no doubt that he feels strongly about what others have called the need of "a new heaven over a new earth." After the election victory of 1948, the great mass of Catholic deputies temporized with half measures. Only the setback of the 1953 elections taught them the immediate need of getting bread to the hungry.

A new heaven over a new earth: for that, countless Italians—bishops, priests and laymen—work ardently.

Cardinal Lercaro's quick rise to national prominence in Italy lends especial weight to his sponsorship of a return to the vernacular in the Mass. Here again his mind turns to causes rather than effects. Great numbers of nominally Catholic Italians are no longer churchgoers; even funerals are often preceded by the red flag rather than the crucifix.

Considering all the causes of the abyss between Church and people, how are the people to be brought back to real religious participation? Cardinal Lercaro feels that the priest must bridge the gap between the ritual and the congregation. The oneness between priest and people obtaining in the early Church must be re-established.

Since the people have not come to the liturgy, the liturgy must be brought to the people. The obvious necessity is to remove that formidable barrier to active participation, Latin. The Eastern Churches in communion with Rome have had the use of their own language since times immemorial. In recent years the Holy See has authorized, where requested, use of the vernacular in the ritual of sacraments and sacramentals, for Baptisms, marriages, Extreme Unction.

Cardinal Lercaro sees this as the logical development of papal policy since Pope Pius X proclaimed "the restoration of all things in Christ." That Pontiff himself described his own innovations as but

"the first steps." Pius XI went further; he decreed it "most necessary" that the faithful should not be merely detached, silent spectators at Mass. And in his encyclical *Mediator Dei*, Pius XII called the faithful the "co-offerers in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." That affirms, Cardinal Lercaro says, the usefulness of the mother tongue. He argues that if "the family of God" should hear the word of God in its own language directly from the mouth of the priest, the desired "active participation" would be more complete. He feels that the use of the mother tongue would bring about the most fruitful flowering of the seed planted half a century ago by Pius X.

At the Lugano Liturgical conference last year, Cardinal Lercaro advocated, as a first step, the reading of the Epistle and the Gospel in the vernacular. When I talked to him about it, he agreed that there might well be room for enlarging the vernacular passages, and mentioned the Prayers, the Gloria, and the Credo. He drew the line, however, at what he called the "sacerdotal part" of the Mass (from the Sanctus to Communion), at least "for a

very long time to come." Latin, he explained, is too venerable, too halloved a tradition. It is also a single, universal, supranational bond binding the world Church, apart from being a language incomparably suited to give expression to Christian thought.

Yet, farsighted Church leaders like Cardinal Lercaro are alert to win over the infidels within their own city walls, to bring the bulk of their own people back to God. They realize that something drastic must be done. In many countries, the missal is being used by the laity. But, unfortunately, the missal hasn't penetrated far in Latin countries. Only words heard from the altar will make real "the family of the children of God gathered actively around their Father."

Enthroned in the buttressed façade of the Bologna City hall is the statue of a mighty Bolognese who, as Pope Gregory XIII, reformed the calendar. I could not help feeling, as I passed it after having met Cardinal Lercaro, that perhaps one day all the nations will cherish the name and memory of another man from Bologna, for his work in liturgical reform.



### *Holy Obedience*

ST. THERESE of Lisieux believed, not in a broadminded interpretation of her convent's rules, but in their literal fulfillment. One letter written by her to another nun, ends: "I must leave you, nine o'clock is stri. . . ."

Hans Urs von Balthasar in *Thérèse of Lisieux*.

## Where Life Begins at 60

*Bankers Life and Casualty Co. works with the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped*

MRS. VERNIE STUART wanted a job. She was 73 years old. "I don't want charity or special favors," she told John D. MacArthur, president of Bankers Life and Casualty Co., of Chicago. He hired her.

That was seven years ago. Mrs. Stuart, a widowed great-grandmother, is now over 80, and is still going strong in the accounting department. She sold Mr. MacArthur a new policy for a fast-growing insurance company. She convinced him that the aged and handicapped could be an asset if they were given a chance.

Today, 104 of Bankers' 2,764 office employees are handicapped; 676 are over 50 years old; 403 are more than 55, and 220 are over 60. Workers include deaf-mutes, amputees, cripples, injured war veterans and the aged.

The company has been singled out by the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped as an outstanding example of private industry helping the disabled to help themselves.

"It was my experience in employing Mrs. Stuart," MacArthur said recently, "that widened my concept

of the social responsibilities of a large corporation.

"It is a simple matter to say Yes to the job applicant who has health, youth, vigor, and apparently unlimited potentialities for progress. But I began to wonder what the right answer was for older persons and those with disabilities."

Convinced that many older and handicapped people could do certain jobs as well as those who were younger or more active physically, Bankers' president told department heads to give them a chance. "They must be treated the same as other employees," he said.

There were, as might have been expected, some failures. A few of the older people didn't really care to work and some of the handicapped seemed to be looking for sympathy rather than a job. But the failures were few.

Workers have found new friends, companionship, warmth at Bankers. "I'm not lonely anymore," says Mrs. Rosetta Bateman, a lively 77. "I don't sit around and look at the four walls. I like being independent," she says. Mrs. Bateman has four daughters, nine grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. Her

comments pretty much reflect the feelings of other older employees.

There is plenty of opportunity for advancement in Bankers Life and Casualty, one of the fastest growing accident and health-insurance companies in the U. S. In 1953, the firm moved into the top five of 800 accident and health carriers with its "White Cross" plan.

If other corporations decide to give more thought to employing older and handicapped persons—and he certainly hopes they will—MacArthur has a word of caution for them.

"It's one thing," he points out, "to decide to hire such workers; it's another to put the decision into operation. There are many problems and those problems must be thought out in advance if the plan is to work out successfully.

"It takes a little longer to train an older or handicapped person to perform a particular job with maximum efficiency," Mr. MacArthur says.

"But once trained, they are more dependable, have better attendance records, stay on the job longer, and do as much work as the younger or so-called normal element."

His findings coincide with a recent survey made by Ohio State university. A research team compared older industrial workers with their younger associates.

"As a group the seniors had a better record than their juniors in attendance, steadiness, and consci-

A committee appointed by President Eisenhower to publicize the importance of over-age and handicapped people as a potent segment of American labor has produced a documentary film entitled, *America's Untapped Asset*. Most of the movie was made in the offices of the Bankers Life and Casualty Co. in Chicago because 26% of this firm's personnel are over-age or handicapped persons. Universal Pictures of New York actually filmed Bankers' personnel at work on the job.

entiousness," the survey found. Older women were considered more efficient than their younger associates; older men were only slightly less efficient than younger ones. The survey concluded, "Workers should be employed and retained on the basis of merit without reference to age."

Executives at Bankers Life and Casualty Co. study applicants' strong and weak points and make detailed analyses of their capabilities. They are not employed as elderly or disabled persons but as workers who can do a job.

Most employees over 60 years old are in the new-business, accounting, and agency-service departments. They operate tabulating machines, do filing and clerical work, and excel in the endless task of checking applications. Supervisors say



**George Bosler takes his apple pie from Teddy Lloren, former resident of the Philippine Islands. Grace Peterson and Ruth Smith follow Bosler in the cafeteria line at the Bankers Life and Casualty Co. office building.**

**Blanche Adams, 74 years old, discusses a premium-notice mailing problem with Florence Hoppe.**

**Photos by Ralph and Associates, Chicago**





James Patterson and Theresa Kellerman (above left) work in the Policy Issue division of the Bankers Life and Casualty Co. He is an expert operator (top right) of the Graphotype machine.

Al Botthof discusses his business qualifications with Miss M. J. Birkenhead, personnel interviewer. The loss of a leg is no deterrent to applicants at the insurance firm's office. M. H. Wettaw, (at right) vice president and treasurer of the company, accompanies an employee, Mrs. Vernie Stuart, 80 years old, to the Chicago airport as she leaves for New York to appear on the TV program *Life Begins at 80*.





that younger people just won't sit still long enough to do a good job.

"Older persons settle down and are happy in their work," says Sue Hoyne, a former Wave officer and an agency service-section chief.

Miss Hoyne once despaired of getting a clerk who could keep the files straight. Then she discovered Mrs. Sarah Tanzer, a 60-year-old deaf-mute.

"Sarah never misplaces a file; she is the best clerk we have," said Miss Hoyne.

John Brindisi, 72, who retired from the Illinois Central railroad after 46 years' service, has managed to keep his family under Bankers' roof. Both his daughter, Mrs. Louise Guerreiri, 45, and his granddaughter, Mrs. Marie Prill, 21, are working with him in Chicago headquarters.

"I like it here," Mr. Brindisi says. "The surroundings are good and the people are pleasant."

His attendance record is perfect. He has never been absent or late for work in the two years he has been with Bankers. His punctuality has won him a three-week vacation with pay each year.

The company runs a low-price cafeteria for employees. Coffee is served free. In addition to the regular lunch period, there are two coffee breaks, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

The atmosphere is relaxed, informal, and yet efficient. Workers who are not satisfied in one depart-

ment may transfer to another one.

James Patterson, 75, and his wife, Marie, 66, are the oldest of several husband-and-wife teams at the home office who have found work a relief from the boredom of retirement. A colorful personality, Patterson thought he was ready to retire after 25 years in a Chicago department store and a career as a clothing importer. He went to California and "just sat around."

"I couldn't take it," he said, and returned to Chicago. Marie, meanwhile, who didn't like "waiting around for the end" started to work in the accounting department of Bankers. She enjoyed it, and had little difficulty persuading her husband to apply for a job. He got it, and has been checking policies ever since.

He has some advice for older persons. "Don't rust," he says.

As a result of medical, scientific, social and labor advances, 63 million people, or one-third of the nation, will be over 45 in the next 25 years, according to government figures. What the statistics do not say is that millions of them, even above 60, will need jobs. And the nation will want them to have jobs.

"Older Americans are not 2nd-class citizens," says President MacArthur of Bankers. "They're citizens. Their rich experience should be fully used by society."

The Bankers Life and Casualty approach at least provides hope that this can happen.



# A Change for Guatemala

*Lessons in corn growing are Maryknoll's parables*

By GUIDO AND MARGARET ROSA

AS THE DOOR to the *convento* opened, we sensed a great difference. Clean white-washed walls of the patio silhouetted three Indian boys and an athletic young priest in a zipper jacket, intent on covering a sofa with native handwoven material. The boys followed eagerly the quick, clear instructions of the padre, in Spanish. Deftly, gaily, they shaped the material and held it in place, while the padre, hammer in hand, bent over the more difficult part of the work.

The patio garden was spaded, raked, and ready for planting. A happy red-and-white border of petunias ringed a fountain that gushed clear water. The tile roof of the *convento* had been repaired, and the windows around the patio corridor glistened. An open door showed earth back of the church marked off in rectangles.

Why was this so different? During months of travel in rural Guatemala, we had become inured to the standard village of dirty thatched-roof huts. In the square, a trickle would ooze from a fountain that was the sole water supply for the village, and that from a questionable source. We found filth ascend-

ant, and no medical help available. Most of the agriculture was barely subsistence, and there was no diversity in food.

In the huts, men, women, and children ate at irregular intervals, seated or squatting on the earth floors, their food mostly beans and tortillas. Village agriculture was limited by ignorance—and by its tools, the primitive stick plow and a big hoe, nothing more. In such an atmosphere, plodding work was unrelieved by ambition; there was no spirit of play; and above all there were no opportunities for the young. But remote Chiantla was different.

To the obvious regret of his three Indian helpers, the padre led us to



"Cell No. 1," his study. He grinned. "It's good to hear English." Then the man of Maryknoll down from the U.S. told us part of his electrifying story.

The study was spotless, its few chairs covered attractively with hand-woven native materials originally intended for women's *huipil* blouses. "In the beginning, the people came into the study in fear. Everything was strange, wood floors, chairs, table, desk, and a roof you couldn't see through! When we covered a few chairs in the materials they knew, it was something of theirs combined with something of ours, and it brought them nearer to 'the strange.' Often, the Indian weaving drew a quick glance of recognition—and a smile at our misuse of the material. A man or woman would cautiously try a chair.

"Some of their homes now have chairs. It is good for more than health to get men and women up off the floor."

"Why this end-of-the-line village for your work, where only foot-paths lead back into the mountains?"

"But that's the reason. All paths from isolated villages lead to Chiantla. Their people come here for the market, and pass through on their infrequent trips to Huehuetenango. Chiantla is a hub from which we can influence a great area. And we have eight central stations, all in the Huehuetenango

area, most in villages only now being opened to roads."

Talk was postponed while a gentle, middle-aged Indian, holding his 13-year-old boy by the hand, consulted the padre about a baptismal certificate. He said, "It is necessary for my woman's peace of heart that we have the paper. You have given us hope that Inocencio may some day go 'outside' to work, and then he will need the paper."

Some would shrink from the effort of searching through old unalphabetized records, a search further complicated because so many name combinations are similar. And with parents guessing that a grown boy or girl was born about the year when the near-by volcano Santa Maria became angry—"or was it the time of Fuego?"—it sometimes consumes hours to find one birth date.

But Padre Krock promised. Gratefully, the man started away. He looked toward the cleared area beyond the patio, asked, "Will my boy have his own corn patch again this year?"

"Yes, Ascensión, but in another place. He will plant beans where the corn was last year."

"That corn was large, *padre*. Better keep to the same place, no?"

"Perhaps it will be even larger this year."

Ascensión said a deeply puzzled *adios*. The boy, whose large brown eyes had never left the padre, made an awkward bow.

Padre Krock explained. "In this region, as in all Guatemala, planting is done according to a custom begun centuries ago, when there was unlimited land. The practice is to burn off an area, plant the same crop year after year until the soil is worn out, and then move to another spot. The result is that many have to walk miles every day to reach usable land."

He indicated the prepared ground beyond the patio. "We cleared away piles of rubbish over earthquake rubble; cleared the rubble; divided the ground into squares, and gave one to each of a dozen boys. Working one square, I demonstrate how we fertilize and plant and cultivate. The boys, less bound by custom and superstition, learn quickly."

"When corn grew larger than is usual here, some of the parents came to see. They quickly found answers: 'The padre planted on a lucky day, at the right time of the moon'; or, 'God has favored the corn because it grows on church ground.'

"The next year we rotated crops. To overcome superstition, we suggested that the boys plant during a period of several weeks, and we also worked and seeded some ground outside the church property. The results were good. Older persons began, cautiously, to try our methods."

Margaret commented on the unusually attractive *convento*. "That," admitted the padre, "represents

much hard work, plus a few simple rules that the people accepted because they were seriously made and firmly enforced.

"After the thorough cleanup, we made it clear that there would be none of the usual throwing about of litter, scraps, and other waste. We gave reasons; for one, it would lessen sickness. The *convento* was considered out of bounds for unsanitary yet traditional practices. We tried to set standards by making our own living quarters stimulating; by regular hours for meals, work, play. We insisted that our boy helpers be clean when they came to the *convento* for their much enjoyed work. Babies must be bathed before we will baptize them."

At first, the Maryknoll Fathers encountered passive but stubborn resistance. Every step of cleaning up, repairing, rebuilding was considered with grave and worried questioning. It was not "the custom." In addition to quiet persistence, the Fathers seized upon lucky breaks.

One such break was this. Pilots of small planes that fly the railroadless areas from the capital to Huehuetenango had become warm friends of the Fathers. One Christmas, a plane went far off its route to parachute gifts from the pilots to the missionary deep in the Cuchumatanes mountains, 27 miles from Chiantla by trail. Quickly, the story circulated. "A great silver bird

drops gifts from the sky, and each gift has our padre's name marked on it!" The Fathers' influence increased, and that of the witch doctors decreased.

The missionaries had found in the lives of their people no music nor enjoyment; no inkling of the values in healthy recreation. *Aguardiente* drinking was the sole relaxation. Slowly, the Chiantla padre collected coppers enough to buy a second-hand guitar. Quite wonderful, when the average family income is less than \$200 a year! When others heard the first boys play, they coaxed their parents. Money for five guitars trickled in. Very soon the padre had eager pupils, boys and men enough to keep 20 guitars busy if he had them.

Dominga, the Indian housemaid, came to say that tea was ready. The *comedor* was charming in its austere simplicity. A small fire in the corner fireplace livened freshly tinted walls.

Father Krock told how Chiantla had taken the suggestion to start a Boy Scout group. "There were four boys, more alert than the others, who liked to come here to work. I talked with their mothers, described the activities of the Scout movement in the U.S. They listened stolidly. I urged them to talk with their men.

"During many meetings, I stressed the benefits in health, manliness, honesty. They were not impressed. 'These boys of yours,' I said, 'con-

tain a spirit that we call ambition. With help, they will be fitted to go "outside" and advance themselves so that you will be proud.'"

Four mothers conferred with their men. After much time, first one, then another, agreed. These boys became enthusiastic recruiting agents, while the padre threw himself into organizing, teaching, training, constantly showing in terms of the boys' lives what results could be achieved. Membership slowly grew. •

Then, through another of those lucky breaks that come with purposeful activity, the padre had found Agustín, a young, versatile, natural leader, a Spanish-Indian, who offered to help simply for his keep. Between them, they worked with the boys until people from all over the area came to watch. Stirred in their local pride, the citizens of Chiantla contributed small amounts for equipment. "This," said the padre, "in view of the struggle to collect money for other good purposes, was a great achievement."

He put in parenthetically, "The scouts meet tonight, after the Ascension day service and procession. We have also started a children's choir. You may be interested in seeing both groups."

He then told of the Maryknoll Father at lonely, doctorless Jacaltenango, who had to learn to attend to all medical emergencies, even to pulling teeth! "By the way, the pastor at Jacaltenango, Father Hom-

rocky, did much good work here in Chiantla in the difficult early days. Hardly a day goes by that his name is not mentioned by someone with deep affection. It is Father Homrocky who introduced basketball to Jacaltenango, and now all the villages in the area have teams."

Padre Krock also told that through their friendship with the plane pilots, the Fathers have been able to fly patients to Guatemala City for emergency operations. "Another lucky break," he called it. In addition, the eight stations rent a house at the capital for their poor to stay at while receiving nonemergency hospital treatment. There is no charge. He told of "still another lucky break."

"Two friends of ours from the U. S., a doctor and a dentist, came down for a vacation. They wished to see villages even more remote than Chiantla. We took them by muleback out into the mountains; and they saw so much illness and suffering that they could not help pitching in.

"With primitive equipment, and with only the Fathers as assistants, doctor and dentist worked from sunrise to dark. During their ten-day vacation, they performed free of charge hundreds of dollars worth of work, even at Guatemala's low medical rates. This they did for centuries-neglected Indians who had known nothing but witch doctors.

"Our friends were refreshed by

their experience, and the Indians will speak of the Fathers into the next generation. Slowly, we are winning their good will." Suddenly, the padre laughed. "But it takes all the energy and intelligence and sympathy of 20 Maryknoll Fathers to do it, besides other personnel, not forgetting 281 native teachers.

"Of course, not everything is a success, but we have to keep on trying. Sheep breeding, for instance, didn't work out. A valuable rug and mat-making project must still be subsidized, because of lack of markets. It is also difficult to arouse interest in fruit culture. But these are small items in the big work."

Padre Krock accompanied us to the door. A small girl, clean, smiling diffidently, had been waiting for him, no one knew how long, holding a small basket in her two hands. She held it up, uncovered it to disclose one small pear. She said, "It is the nicest one we have." Her timidity was completely absorbed in her errand; in her eyes was adoration.

At the Ascension day evening service, a choir of boys and girls showed that they had already learned the satisfactions of group work. Sitting beside us at the back of the church, the mayor told us that "our padre" was about to start a choir for adults. "I intend to join, for it is good to sing."

Toward the end of the service, the procession of the Virgin in the aisles was impressive. Side lights

had been extinguished. Twelve young women carried a statue of Mary on a platform, her figure swaying in quiet rhythm with their steps. Women and girls followed, each carrying a lighted candle. The small girls' eyes, already large with wonder, and framed by their black mantillas, were intensified by the light of their tightly clasped candles. Their whole bodies seemed to throb with the emotion of the high moment.

The mayor told us in low tones, "Before our padre came, these celebrations were held in the streets, and it was not good. The sacred statues were often carried by men who were drunk, and it was nothing for them to stop, put down the statues, and fight among themselves. After the procession, there was much drinking of *aguardiente* by men and women.

"Our padre has changed all that. Only a few processions go outside the church, and he is there in the middle of it all the time. There is dignity and reverence, now." He looked about us. "As you see, many men now come into the church instead of going to the *cantina*.

"Since the padres came, there is less poverty, because we are learning to do things better. We are furnished with seed, wheat and corn, of a kind that is new to us, and better. Medicine is given to the sick. I tell you, I can notice a big change here."

The village clock struck nine as

we walked into the starlit plaza. From the *convento* came boisterous, rhythmical handclapping, accompanied by singing that more than made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in strict musical quality. What appeared to be the entire population of the region was inside and outside the community house, a part of the *convento*. They watched with keen interest a full-fledged Scout meeting.

The boys, led by the astonishing Agustín, were calling the rounds, in Spanish, of *Old McDonald Had a Farm!* The padre was singing as enthusiastically as the others; in this activity he subordinated himself to the leadership of his young "find." The leader had an amazing sense of rhythm, and knew how to convey it to others. He was drawing out of the boys spirit and coordination and cooperation.

In a corner, three boys gaped at the play and excitement, but took no part. The mayor said that after weeks of watching, this night they had worked up courage to enter. But as with most boys from far out, they would need much quiet encouragement to induce them to take part.

There was a short business meeting in which everyone democratically participated. Five boys were elected to go to Aguacatán to demonstrate Scout work to a new group. During a pause, Agustín shyly acknowledged the padre's introduction to us. He was not suc-



cessful in talk, and looked relieved when the padre suggested that he and the boys do *Fuego*.

They selected the smallest Indian boy, a lad of eight or nine, to represent *Fuego*, the active volcano. The little fellow, eyes snapping with pleasure, squatted at the center of a large circle of boys, who began a war dance around him. In the chant that accompanied the dance, we recognized another good U.S. tune.

To the first verse, everyone fanned *Fuego* gently. During the next verse they blew on him. All through the next they patted him, and with each succeeding verse they increased the annoyances, poking, scratching, and jabbing *Fuego*. At about the 12th verse, *Fuego* erupted all over the place.

Soon there was a tangle of boys in a free-for-all, scrambling about in pretended escape. For some moments the going was rough, but the boys had learned to take it. Little *Fuego's* imitation of a continuing eruption was magnificent. When the boys were completely out of breath, and lying about on the floor, the little fellow who had impersonated the volcano stood surveying with a cherubic brown grin the ruin he had caused.

After months in Guatemala, we had witnessed the first rousing group play. What a difference from the apathetic attitude we had found

among the other children throughout the country!

Only one or two Chiantla parents have seen their capital, Guatemala City. Their village is "far away," not only by difficult roads but in attitude and development. Yet Chiantla sent to the annual National Boy Scout jamboree at Guatemala City a sizeable delegation of boys—at village expense.

The boys lived a month at the capital, saw ways of living that were different from their own, and came into contact with different occupations, different standards. They learned how to meet, and get along with, strangers. Upon their return to Chiantla, they enthusiastically shared with everyone in the village everything they had seen and heard and learned, told eagerly of what they had smelled and touched and tasted! The village of Chiantla will never again have quite so much fear of "the strange."

All over Guatemala, we had been told that nothing could be done for the Indians. "They are stupid, uncooperative, and resist to the death anything new or different." But in isolated villages that most would have considered hopeless, the work of the Maryknoll Fathers in restoring human dignity speaks otherwise. In Chiantla, as elsewhere, the Fathers are performing wonders—and giving one of the best answers to communism.







## Scientists of Russia

*We can laugh at phony claims of inventions but not at solid, usually military, accomplishments*

Condensed from *Newsweek*\*

**P**RAVDA, a Russian paper, claims that a Russian invented the telephone. *Izvestia*, another Red paper, calls the law of gravity a trick of bourgeois idealism. Some such nonsense is forever cropping up in the Soviet press, and Americans get a great laugh out of it all. But Russian science is no joke.

"Moscow mastered the intricacies of atomic and hydrogen energy so quickly because Soviet scientists and technicians are good," says Rep. Sterling Cole, chairman of the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Where Soviet science is good, experts report, it is very, very good. And generally, it is at its best wherever it helps Russia's military potential. In years ahead, Russia's scientists could be a potent weapon in advancing communist plans for world dominance.

Here, field by field, is a general survey of Russian science today.

**Mathematics.** "This is one field where the Russians are really outstanding," says Dr. F. J. Weyl, top mathematician of the Office of

Naval Research. "Russian math is singularly well-balanced between abstract and applied math. Their scientists get a great deal more math than anyone in the U.S. And mathematicians there are relatively free of political pressure. They are better than we are in some types of math that have military applications."

**Physics.** For years, physics has attracted more than its share of the best Soviet scientists, and they have produced big results. Theoretical physics, like mathematics, is a "safe" subject for Russian scientists. Its abstractness discourages interference from party bosses.

A top Russian physicist who has fled to the U.S. reports that the Soviets lead the rest of the world in at least two fields: the theory of chain reactions; and transistors (the tiny gadgets that promise to revolutionize the electronics industry by replacing the vacuum tube). Work on electronic robots, including computing machines, is also first-rate. The first practical machine for liquefying helium at extremely low

\*Newsweek Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York City 36. March 1, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Weekly Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

temperatures was invented by a Russian, Peter Kapitza. He has since fallen out of favor with the Red government, but the Russians are still setting a fast pace in ultra-low-temperature work.

Russian progress with high-voltage electric power has been watched closely by Dr. Pier A. Abetti, a General Electric engineer. Here the pressure put upon Russian scientists to produce immediate and useful results is great. The Russians respond by plagiarizing many reports from American journals which, Abetti notes, "they read more carefully than we do ourselves." Abetti thinks that the Russian insistence on practical results may prove costly to the Soviets in the long run. "They produce technicians and engineers, not scientists."

*Chemistry.* At the theoretical level, Russian chemistry has always been good. On the industrial and pharmaceutical sides, however, Russia is about at the same stage as the U.S. was in 1915. Such basic chemicals as sulphuric acid and caustic soda are in mass production. But little has been done with hormones, vitamins, and cortisone.

*Mining and Metallurgy.* The Russian scientists who mine, refine, and alloy metals are on safe ground—as long as they produce mineral wealth for the state. And they are unquestionably expert. Russian geologists have carefully blocked out their nation's mineral resources.

Russian mining engineers have good equipment, much of it brought or copied from the West.

"They don't know just the locations of our mines and smelters," reports an executive of the U.S. Smelting, Refining & Mining Co. "They come with a pinpoint knowledge of the location of every major piece of equipment in our plants. A group of Russians visited one of our mills, saw a ball mill we had shifted, compared notes with each other, and then asked when we had moved the equipment."

Dr. Max Hansen, of the Armour Research foundation in Chicago, thinks that the Russians are ahead of the U.S. in production of copper-base alloys, particularly metals containing copper and nickel. Soviet work on stainless steel lags behind.

*Sky and Stars.* Astronomy is the only science in which the Russians readily exchange ideas with Westerners. Any astronomer who wants Russian sky charts can get them.

As for weather forecasting, Ivan R. Tannehill, head of the U.S. Weather bureau's forecasting service, says this, "They have a lot of weather stations, and spend a great deal more money than we do. They are active in long-range forecasting, and are about as good as we are." In the Arctic especially, Russian meteorologists lead the world.

*Biological Sciences.* Communist doctrine maintains that the state can make what it wishes of a plant,

animal, or man. Heredity means nothing. Controlled environment is everything. Botany, zoology, physiology, psychology, and medicine—all are bogged down with communist doctrine. Politicians not only dictate what shall be investigated, but even stipulate what results shall be found.

As far back as 1939, Trofim Lysenko, one of Stalin's plant breeders, said, "If you want to get a particular result, you will get it." Estimates on how long it would take for Russian biology to get back on its feet vary from five to 20 years. As matters now stand, American biologists agree that "Lysenko is our best friend."

*Medicine and Psychology.* There is not much place in the Soviet Union for the science of healing human beings. Psychiatry is out; there is no room for maladjusted people. There is room, however, for a certain amount of medical quackery.

A minor medical hero is the late Alexander A. Bogomolets, who invented the "antitreticulacytotoxic serum." He claimed that it would prolong life and reinforce the body against cancer. Prof. Anton Julius Carlson, University of Chicago physiologist, comments, "Bogomolets died at 65, in 1946, after administering the serum to himself. I never took the stuff, and I'm 79."

*Education.* Such absurdities, however, should not lull the West. In scientific manpower, our advantage

over Russia is dwindling at a truly frightening rate. Last year, Russian technical schools graduated 43,000 new engineers, whereas America acquired only 23,000.

Scientists in Russia are an upper class in the supposedly classless society. Dr. Irving Langmuir, of General Electric, visited Moscow eight years ago. He recalls that the scientists he met were treated like pampered pets. Kapitza, the low-temperature expert, took Langmuir to his home in a chauffeured car. The Red scientist's comfortable house was conveniently next door to his laboratory. He told Langmuir that he had two summer homes, one on a lake near Moscow, the other near the Afghanistan border, both built by the government to his specifications.

Russian scientists are intimately informed about the latest progress made by their American colleagues. In Moscow, a central agency collects scientific reports from technical journals the world over. Each report goes to a translator, scientifically expert in the appropriate field. Abstracts of the papers are then published and distributed to interested persons throughout the Soviet Union.

The Russian scientists who read their mail need never repeat experiments that have been performed in other countries.

Nowhere in the U.S. does such a setup exist. The Library of Congress publishes a monthly list of

the Russian literature it receives. Although this includes the titles of scientific papers, it is of little use to the average American scientist, who would have to pay for translation of any report that might prove useful to him. Few bother.

A prominent American physicist

laments, "We know that the Russians are doing much good work, and we can get hold of their journals. But we're not taking advantage of this resource. If we ever have to fight them, we'll be sorry we didn't bother to find out what they've been up to."



### Bedlam

IN THE Middle Ages London's priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem was built to provide quarters for religious leaders visiting England. Since important guests seldom occupied the entire building, it also became a haven where sick and distressed persons were cared for. It soon gained prominence as one of the few places in Europe where the insane were treated like humans instead of animals.

King Henry VIII seized all Church property and dissolved all monasteries in 1536. St. Mary of Bethlehem passed into the hands of the Corporation of London, and was converted into an insane asylum with accommodations for 50 or 60 inmates. Its name already frequently abbreviated to *Bethlehem*, common folk slurred syllables together and referred to the hospital as *Bedlam*. Since there was nothing approaching scientific understanding or care of the insane, venerable Bedlam became a scene of almost constant uproar. Hence the name of the Church-launched hotel entered general speech, and today any state of turmoil is called *bedlam*.

Webb B. Garrison.



### Asylum

IN ANCIENT Greece, certain temples and shrines sheltered persons fleeing from arrest. From *a-* (not) plus *sylon* (right of seizure), such a protective spot was called *asylon*. Romans adopted both the practice and the name; with the rise of Christianity, the idea was applied to churches.

Persisting through many centuries, the name of the sacred sheltering place began to be applied to any kind of haven. This was natural, since practically all benevolent and charitable work was under the auspices of the Church. Whether such a shelter was for the blind, aged, orphan children or other unfortunates, it was called an asylum. Not until the 19th century, with the rise of public interest in mental illness, did the ancient term come to refer to shelters for the insane.

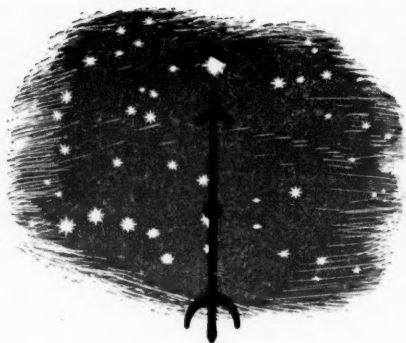
Webb B. Garrison.

# The Mystery of the Compass Needle

*Modern scientists are no closer to solving the riddle than were churchmen of the Middle Ages*

By WEBB B. GARRISON

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*



MEN were familiar with the magnet for centuries before they put it to effective use. It was shown to St. Augustine as a curiosity, about the year 400. He could form no hypothesis about its working. But he later discussed it with Bishop Severus of Milevis.

It is not strange that St. Augustine was forced to dismiss the magnet's power as an unsolved mystery. The riddle of magnetism has defied efforts of scientists armed with all our 20th-century knowledge and equipment.

Sailors, however, did not wait to understand the lodestone before using it. About the year 1000, Europeans had learned to make a crude compass by floating lodestone on a bit of wood or bark. The first authentic reference to navigation by compass was made in 1187. The record is from the hand of Alexander Neckam, abbot of St. Albans and later of Cirencester. Neckam returned to the subject in a second

volume, about 1207, relating that sailors, seeking directions, "touch the needle with the magnet which is then whirled round in circles, and when the motion ceases, the point of the needle looks toward the north."

Clumsy as it was, that direction-finder brought a revolution in man's struggle with the sea. While navigators used it, scholars pondered the nature of its operation. There was only one prominent natural phenomenon which seemed linked with the compass: the magnetized needle always swung toward the North Star. It was natural to conclude that the star itself pulled the needle.

Just such a conclusion was adopted by Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, Bishop of Ptolemais in Syria. His *History of the Orient*, written after the capture of Constantinople in the 4th Crusade, included a discussion of the compass. Its action, said he, is due to the attractive power of the North Star.

\*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. June, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

No scientist of the era was able to suggest a more plausible theory. Even the great Franciscan, Roger Bacon, did not challenge it. But he devoted considerable time to study of the lodestone, and made experiments with artificial magnets. Bacon was once visited by Brunetto Latini, Florentine poet and friend of Dante. The English monk astonished his guest by showing that though opposite poles of a magnet attract, like poles repel one another.

Peter of Maricourt, in Picardy, is believed to have fought in the 5th Crusade. His usual signature, Peregrinus, is taken to indicate that he actually got as far as the Holy Land. Peregrinus corresponded often with Roger Bacon, who described him as "the only perfect mathematician of the era except Master John of London."

Peregrinus made many experiments in natural science. He was the first to record the fact that when a magnet is broken into bits, each separate piece will be a magnet. After months of patient work, he constructed a spherical magnet in the form of a model of the Earth. His experiments seem to have been motivated by a desire to discover what force tugs at the compass needle; for he had already discarded the old theory of the North Star. That could not be correct, he noted, for the mariner's star is not always in the meridian; yet the compass needle is not disturbed by its absence.

Thrilled by his pursuit of knowledge, he wrote the world's first scientific treatise on the magnet. The book, dated 1269, two full centuries before Columbus began to think of sailing west to India, gives instructions for making a compass with pivoted needle.

Peregrinus is generally credited with having invented the modern compass, for his balanced needle swung in a circular box with transparent lid. Notches about the circumference of the box divided it into 360°.

The whole was topped by a sighting bar which permitted the mariner to establish his bearings with remarkable accuracy.

Nicholas of Cusa, 15th-century Archbishop of Liege, studying for his Doctor's degree at Padua, made many experiments. They led him to conclude, rightly, that magnetism is a strange power added to iron. Later investigations only magnified his problem, for he could not discover whether or not the mysterious added power has weight.

Georg Hartmann, vicar of St. Sebaldus church, Nuremberg, as early as 1510 learned that the needle does not point toward true geographic north. Careful refinements in technique made it possible for him to measure the variation, or declination. At Nuremberg, he found that in 1544 the error was a full 10° east.

Pietro Sarpi, better known by the monastic name of Fra Paolo, took

Hartmann's findings one step farther. Fra Paolo was known as the greatest mathematician of his day, and attracted many famous visitors to his Servite monastery. Whatever force pulls the compass needle, he reasoned, must be of much greater magnitude than previously imagined. He knew that an iron bar pointing toward magnetic north for a long time will become magnetic without contact with lodestone.

Independent discovery of this major puzzle followed in 1586. On Jan. 6, friars of San Gostino church, Rimini, resumed their work of the previous afternoon, repairing the sanctuary. Early in the day, they took down a heavy iron bar which supported a terra-cotta ornament on the tower. Bent by the wind, it had to be taken to the blacksmith shop to be straightened. But once the iron was laid with other pieces of metal, the monks noticed a startling thing: it was strongly magnetic.

News of the discovery traveled as far as the study of William Gilbert, who was profoundly impressed. He made inquiries and found that the bar had been bent into a north-south position. There must be an invisible but powerful force, reasoned Gilbert, running through the earth from pole to pole. Fired by the strange happenings at San Gostino church, Gilbert made a systematic study of magnetism. In 1600, he wrote a classic analysis, usually considered the first great modern scientific work on any sub-

ject to be published in England. Magnetism, he concluded, is not a substance that can be weighed, but a flow of energy, or force, which originates from some mysterious process within Earth itself.

There the matter stood for four generations. The last, and perhaps the greatest, unsolved problem linked with the compass was then uncovered.

On Dec. 9 and 10, 1685, a party of French missionaries recorded epoch-making scientific observations. As guests of the king of Siam, they devoted part of those two days to systematic compass readings at Louvo, Thailand. They discovered that the needle actually changes its position slightly during the course of each day. Variations ranged from  $0^{\circ} 16'$  west to  $0^{\circ} 38'$  west. Evidently, some completely mysterious change in the flow of Earth's magnetic forces causes the daily swing of the compass needle.

There the matter stands today.

Scientists have constantly refined their measurements, and can give statistical reports where early seekers could only make guesses. They agree with the ex-Crusader, Peregrinus, that magnetic attraction does not originate in the Pole Star. Pursuing questions raised by the humble vicar of Nuremberg, present-day scientists declare that the North Magnetic Pole is on Prince of Wales island, some 1,200 miles from the North Geographic Pole.

Attempts to solve the riddle of



daily fluctuation in compass direction, noted by the missionaries to Siam, have brought partial answers only. It is known that the North Magnetic Pole actually changes its location daily. According to the Royal Canadian Air force, its path is elliptical, and involves movement of about 80 miles every 24 hours, usually, but not always, traveling from east to west.

What actually produces the movement of the magnetic poles, or what phenomena lie behind the fact that Earth itself is wrapped in a gigantic

magnetic field, no one really knows. There are several theories, none of which fit all the observed facts.

With St. Augustine, the modern geophysicist must dismiss magnetic force as a major mystery of the natural world. The modern mariner's compass is more elaborate and sensitive than those of earlier generations, but it is not essentially different from the instrument whose development was so largely shaped by churchmen eager to know more about the world God created and sustains.

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### *Yours to Command*

WEST POINT's drawing department is intended to teach its students engineering drawing, but every so often some cadet attempts to show his artistic ability, too. Once, a cadet, required to draw a bridge, playfully sketched in a couple of children sitting on the bridge rail. This did not meet with the approval of his instructor, who sharply directed him to "take those children off the bridge."

Next time the instructor made his rounds of the drawing boards, he found his orders obeyed to the letter: the children had been transferred to the river bank.

"No," he protested. "Get rid of them."

On the third trip, the instructor found the children had indeed been done away with. In their place stood two pathetic little tombstones.

Kendall Banning in *West Point Today*.



### *Mine to Obey*

THE MAJOR in charge of a party of engineers constructing a road through a swamp ordered a second lieutenant to take 15 men and get on with the job.

Presently he came back. "Sir," he reported, "the mud is over the men's heads. We just can't get through."

"Nonsense," roared the major. "Make out a requisition slip for anything you need. I'll see that you get it."

A few minutes later, this memorandum was laid on the major's desk: "Need 15 men 18 feet tall to cross swamp 15 feet deep."

*Tit-Bits.*

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# Why Marriages Fail

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*Nine hurdles to married happiness and the height of each are disclosed in a St. Louis university survey*

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

MOST YOUNG COUPLES ENTER marriage with high hopes. Yet more than one out of every five marriages crack up. Why?

Recently, Father John L. Thomas, S.J., assistant director of the Institute of Social Order, St. Louis university, studied 7,000 marriage failures. He separated for special treatment "war marriages," marriages in which the bride was pregnant at marriage, marriages in which the couple had decided from the very beginning not to have children, and marriages of widows or widowers or both.

Such nontypical cases constituted about 20% of the cases that were studied. An analysis of the remaining 80% revealed nine chief factors in marital failure.

Dr. Thomas found the first to be drink. It brought disaster to more couples than any other, being responsible for 29.8% of the marriage failures. The 29.8% does not include cases where excessive drinking occurred after the marriage began to break up. In such cases Father Thomas considered drinking

a "symptom," and not a causal factor.

Drinking as a factor in marriage crack-ups never appears alone; it brings money problems. Alcohol has become one of the most expensive items people consume. Its frequent use leads to nonsupport of the family.

"Joe seems to have a hole in his pocket," remarked his wife. "His week's wages slip away so fast that he doesn't bring home much for the family." A little probing quickly disclosed that Joe drank up his earnings.

Frequent by-products of drinking are irritability, belligerency, cruel and abusive treatment of the spouse and even of the children.

"Bob was always pleasant and considerate before he began to drink so much," said Evelyn. "Now when he comes home, he gives a little peck at my cheek, says Hello to the kids, and then pours himself four stout Martinis. After downing these, he becomes sullen and disagreeable. He flies into a rage when the children make any noise. We

\*St. Benedict, Ore. April, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Mt. Angel Abbey, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

are all on edge—wondering about which one he is going to abuse. It's ruining our marriage."

Yet another evil consequence of excessive drinking is that it sometimes leads to association with doubtful characters of the opposite sex.

In only a few cases is the wife guilty of excessive drinking. The social stigma attached to women who drink serves as a powerful deterrent.

Adultery ranks 2nd, accounting for 24.8% of the marriage failures. In four out of every five cases the husband was the guilty partner. The marriage contract rests upon a vow of mutual fidelity. It entails not merely a legal but a moral and religious obligation. Where faith and trust are undermined, love cannot long survive.

Irresponsibility is the 3rd most frequent factor, accounting for the breakup of 12.4% of the marriages. It leads a husband to consider himself entitled to all the privileges of marriage yet free from most of its responsibilities.

A man may desert his wife when pregnancy causes her to lose her job or the birth of a child makes new demands upon him. Frequently such a man was raised as "mama's boy," waited on hand and foot, and never trained to think of others or to take responsibility. He remains emotionally immature, self-centered, and socially irresponsible. More than 50% of these marriages broke up

in the first five years, and an additional 25% in the next five.

"Clarence," reported his wife, "was always running to mama with every problem that came up. We couldn't sit down and talk it over together. He would have to ask mama what we were to do. I scarcely knew whether I was married to him or to his mother. To top it all, he couldn't hold any job, and had no sense of obligation to support me."

Sometimes it is the wife who is tied to mama's apron strings. "During the 2nd World War," said a brokenhearted husband to me recently, "I was stationed for a while in Australia. There I met Dora and married her. I brought her here and established a nice home. Soon our baby came. Dora was always talking about her mother. We went back for a six months' visit, but my business was in the U. S., and I had to return. Dora promised to follow me back in a month. But over a year has gone by and she refuses to return. She says she loves me but can't leave her mother."

The 4th factor is radical difference of temperament, which caused 12.1% of the marriages to fail. Where there is a basic incompatibility of disposition, character and temperament, there is little to hold a couple together. Mere sexual attraction wears thin under the tensions of clashing temperaments. The records of cases in this category are filled with accusations of

jealousy, neglect, mental cruelty, insistence upon always having one's own way, being "ornery," "just plain mean," and "impossible to live with."

"Fred's jealousy," complained Barbara, "is ruining our marriage. After every social gathering, there's a scene when we get home. No matter how reserved I've been, he accuses me of having smiled at some of the men, 'egging them on,' he calls it. He's full of suspicions and is always imagining things. It's taken all the joy out of our marriage and is making a nervous wreck out of me."

Too bad that Barbara didn't detect that trait during courtship. The chief purpose of keeping company is to enable young people to find congenial partners with similar tastes and interests and to screen out those whose temperament is irritating. Conflicting dispositions will hardly be changed by a wedding ceremony.

The 5th factor disrupting marriages is in-law trouble. Although this much-talked-of problem occurs to some degree in many marriages, it turned out to be the major factor of disruption in only 7.2%. When it is the chief factor, however, it pulls the couple farther apart than any of the other disintegrating factors. More than two-thirds of the marriages in which this was the major cause of trouble lasted less than five years.

"When Ray's parents come to

spend a few days with us," said Peg, "I brace myself for an ordeal. His father is friendly and pleasant, and we get along well. But his mother undertakes to tell me how to run every detail of our home—from how to cook to how to nurse the baby and make the children mind. Her visits rub me raw. If they were more frequent, I'm afraid I just couldn't take it."

Getting along with in-laws is a fine art, calling for tact and diplomacy. Allowance must be made for the tendency of parents to think of their married son or daughter as their little child. Patience, sympathetic understanding, and a capacity to see the humorous side of such situations will help bride or groom to keep the in-law relationships on an even keel.

It is a mistake to look upon in-laws as rivals for a mate's affection. Filial love differs vastly from conjugal love. In the heart of every spouse there is room for both. A willingness to tolerate well-meant but intrusive suggestions of in-laws will promote domestic happiness. It would help, too, if parental in-laws would try to realize that their children do grow up, and, when married, owe their first allegiance to their mates.

The 6th factor is sexual maladjustments, accounting for 5.4% of the failures. This aspect of marriage has been played up as the root of virtually all marital unhappiness, but the record shows otherwise.

Because of the intimate nature of the conjugal relationship, it is inevitable that tensions in other areas will be reflected here. Since mental attitude is of such importance in this basic relation, slights, vexations, and hurts, no matter how carefully repressed, will take their revenge. If vexations from other areas of domestic life are eliminated, sexual maladjustments vanish with them. The idea that the human race had to wait until the middle of the 20th century for so-called "sexologists" to discover the "right" technique for the most fundamental of all relationships is naïve.

All the really scientific studies show that sexual adjustments are automatic, not dependent upon the presence of some magical "sex compatibility," but for the most part achieved in time through mutual understanding, frankness, sympathy, and help. Indeed, even where the adjustment never reaches perfection, as it rarely does, the happiness of the couple is not appreciably impaired. The essential happiness of marriage lies in a shared life. In the attainment of that goal, social, cultural, psychical, and spiritual elements play the dominant roles.

The 7th factor is mental illness, accounting for 3% of the breakups. In this category are included only those cases in which one of the parties has been judged ill by a psychiatrist. Unfortunately, illness may befall the mind as well as the body. In such cases, it is necessary to turn

to a competent psychiatrist for assistance. What a partner may regard as an inconsiderate act of his mate may actually be the result of a psychic disorder.

Differences over religion constitute the 8th factor, embracing 2.9% of the failures. This low figure is probably traceable to the fact that an understanding of mutual obligations was required in advance. Differences in religion frequently extend to other areas of domestic life, and tend to be an unstabilizing influence.

Money troubles constitute the 9th factor, accounting for only .8 of 1% of the failures. Although some disagreement over the use of money arises at times in almost every family, it seems to be the major factor in the breakup of only a few. It was frequently mentioned in excessive-drinking cases, but obviously it was secondary. Working out a family budget which keeps the expenditures well within the income, and adhering to that budget, will eliminate many of the most pressing financial worries.

Unfortunately, most of the nine factors in marriage failure are rooted in human nature itself. Every wedded couple needs a technique for the handling of the differences which will inevitably arise between them. Such differences can be discussed with calmness and understanding, and settled through reason tempered with good will and love.

# A Child's Out-of-Doors

*Pressing flowers, feeding birds, and tracking small animals will help your child understand God's world*

By DOROTHY EDWARDS SHUTTLESWORTH

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine*\*

**T**HE OUT-OF-DOORS is a world of wonder to children. Everywhere are the possibilities for discovery and adventure; and to a child whose parents explore with him, these possibilities may be richly fulfilled. Nature exploring does not require a trek to Mongolian deserts or to African jungles; it can take place in your own back yard.

Exploring may be as simple a pastime as watching a spider manufacture its silken trap or a squirrel bury a nut. It may lead into such absorbing hobbies as butterfly collecting or flower pressing.

One delightful yet extremely simple hobby is attracting birds to your home. In warm weather, when food is no problem, a bird bath placed close to your home is a real inducement for birds to be your neighbors. Songbirds are especially attracted by wa-

ter. Not only do they need it for drinking, but they enjoy bathing in it as well.

In winter, the most effective lure for them is a feeding station. Even very young children can trample down the snow at some suitable spot (where the surroundings will not permit a cat to carry out a surprise attack), and on the packed snow they can sprinkle crumbs and seeds. Then they may tie pieces of suet to a tree or post to tempt downy woodpeckers and other birds.

If there is a young carpenter in the family, he may like to make a covered platform on a post. This is an excellent feeding station, for the covering keeps the food dry and the elevation gives the birds protection from enemies while they feed. Another plan is to fasten a tray to a window sill. This not only is safe for the birds, but it gives you



\*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17, April, 1954. Copyright 1954 by The Parents Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

and your youngsters opportunities to watch them.

If you and your children watch cardinals, robins, bluejays, juncos, chickadees, and others appear and disappear through the changing seasons, you will have an unending source of interest. You may enjoy keeping a calendar of the comings and goings of migrators.

Once boys and girls have become interested in watching birds near home, they are often eager to go farther afield to observe them in orchards, meadows, and woods. Here fathers and mothers can really shine as guides if they will do some research on the birds of the area. Ability to recognize the various calls adds immeasurably to the pleasure of a "bird walk" in spring and early summer. As you become thoroughly familiar with the distinctive notes of different birds, you may wish to imitate them. Later in the year, when their voices are stilled, you can search for deserted nests, deciding what birds made the particular types that you may discover.

The equipment needed for a bird-discovery walk is simple. An interested pair of eyes is actually the one essential. However, field glasses are valuable. Also helpful is a pocket guide to birds; also a notebook in which to jot down color, size, and characteristics of birds that you cannot identify immediately, as well as the names of those you recognize. By far the best time to go on such

a walk is early morning; soon after sunrise, bird activities slow down.

Tracking animals is a perfect hobby to enjoy with a child whose sleuthing instincts are strong. When a walk takes you near soft ground or across snowy fields, you will discover animal tracks. What animals were they? Were they hunting for food? Were they running for their very lives?

You may begin your study at home, observing the differences in form and size of the tracks of pets. A dog's tracks are almost identical with those of a wolf except for being somewhat smaller. A cat's tracks are like those of a mountain lion—again, except for size. Also in your own back yard you may find the tracks of squirrels or rabbits. Going farther afield, with the aid of a guidebook you can learn to recognize and interpret the tracks of deer, fox, woodchucks, and other wild animals.

Tracks may be "collected" in several ways. A simple sketch will record them graphically, or you may photograph or make plaster casts of them.

Plants offer endless possibilities for pleasant companionship with your children. A simple walk in the country takes on the glamour of exploration if you plan to look for and identify wild flowers. Some that are both plentiful and hardy, such as daisies, Queen Anne's lace, and buttercups, may be picked to be enjoyed as home decorations.



Others that wilt quickly after being plucked may be chosen for pressing and mounting. (Since many wild plants have become rare, check with local authorities on flowers that are protected by conservation laws.)

When your plans for an expedition include collecting flowers for pressing, it is well to take with you a few damp newspapers. The plants, carried between the pages, will not dry out. The papers may be loosely rolled for ease in carrying.

You can make the "press" simply by placing a piece of newspaper about 12 by 18 inches on the floor. Arrange flowers and leaves on this, with no parts overlapping. Then cover with newspaper. You may add more layers of paper and plants until the entire wildflower collection is taken care of. Place a board over the completed pile, and weight it down.

For at least four times, change

the plants daily to a dry place on the papers. Then, during the next week or ten days, continue shifting to dry paper with longer intervals between shifts. The more rapidly a plant is dried, the better its delicate colors are preserved.

A child will feel a happy sense of accomplishment if his flower specimens can actually adorn his home. For exhibition, mount and frame them.

Pressing flowers, feeding birds, tracking animals, and a vast variety of other nature-exploring activities may seem no more than pleasant pastimes.

But they serve an even deeper purpose. As a child becomes acquainted with the ways of nature—with the harmony that exists between all living things—he gains a sense of inner security. As he matures, something of this understanding may give him perspective when he comes to face the problems of this anxious world.

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# China Exiles: the Nuns

*The Reds drove them out, but they  
left their hearts behind*

By PAUL DUCHESNE, M.M.

Condensed from the *Hong Kong Sunday Examiner*\*

MORE THAN 1,000 Sisters have come out from China during the last three years. By train and ship they come, as stretcher cases or carried on chairs. We of the welcoming committee in Hong Kong receive them into freedom.

On 20 minutes' notice from the police, many of them left the towns in which they had labored for 20 years or more. They are weary and oftentimes their wrinkled wimples are awry after baggage examination. We have met Sisters who were dressed in the coat and trousers, the familiar garb of coolie women.

They are excited. One group of a dozen Sisters came across Freedom bridge. The stationmaster's wife invited them in for tea. All but one old Sister accepted the invitation. She must see to the baggage, she

said. I told her I would take care of it, and said, "Go inside, it's raining, and you are wet." She stretched out her hand, looked up, and said, "So it is. I hadn't noticed."

Wearing dark glasses, a 91-year-old Sister who had spent 61 years in China, for 25 of which she has been blind, fumbled with the wrapper on a chocolate bar. She said she lost her sight following an unsuccessful operation for

cataract. Why had she not returned to France at that time? She replied, "I knew the catechism by heart in Chinese but not in French, and I stayed on to teach."

An American Sister, who had supervised a hospital, left China suffering from arthritis. Before being allowed to leave the city, in a "Hate America" demonstration, she was made to kneel on crushed



\*King's Bldg., Hong Kong. Feb. 26, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Charles H. Vath, and reprinted with permission.

stones while people jeered. When she finally arrived at the Hong Kong border she was unable to walk. Four coolies carried her across the bridge as she lay on a board supported on their shoulders.

Some Sisters had been paraded, with placards around their necks declaring their crimes, in an open truck. While 20 soldiers held revolvers on them, five nuns in Chengtu were marched through the streets. Another, in her 80's, had traveled two full days in a wheelbarrow to reach the nearest bus line. Still others, out of prison, had been working 14 hours a day making shoes. They showed us the calluses on their hands, and told us how they were able to help their fellow prisoners by singing while they worked.

There is no talk about what they endured while in prison or under house arrest. They preferred to tell how in the hospital they were able to baptize many communists, even high-ranking officials, on their deathbeds. Repeatedly they mentioned that nothing could induce their orphans or their school children to accuse the Sisters. Even though they had been forbidden to greet the Sisters on the street, the children always managed a little smile or a wave of the hand.

The Reds gave a child a doll. She threw it back at their feet, saying, "Give us our Sisters." Said the Reds, "See how those foreigners have poisoned the minds of these

children!" When leaving the leprosarium at Sek Lung, the lepers said to the Sisters, "When you get to Hong Kong just send us a little note telling us you are safe. Knowing you have arrived safely will make us better and cause all our troubles to fall away."

Of course, at times we have seen evidence of tears, also a few understandably hysterical giggles. But usually, those Sisters, among them some who carried decorations and medals from the Chinese government, are not demonstrative. A Sister who had been in jail for two years said her last letter from home mentioned that her mother was dying.

Had she died? No one knew. We were present at the border when two blood sisters met, one of whom had been in jail and the other, while not imprisoned, had herself recently come out from China. Another, out of jail at Nanking, had a brother, a priest, in jail near Canton. Just last month two blood sisters came out together.

We asked a group of three, out of jail, what had been their greatest suffering. "Hunger," they replied. "We were given two bowls of rice and a few green peas per day. We finally hit upon a trick. From the evening's bowl of rice we would put a handful of wet rice into our pockets. During the night it would dry. Since breakfast was not until nine o'clock, and hunger woke us at five in the morning, we would

eat this dry rice one piece at a time. This illusion of eating helped."

There were the people who were accused of having struck orphan children, of having starved babies, of having eaten babies (two a day, when fat; and three a day, when thin). The Sisters were accused of having killed 120,000 children.

Nurses from a hospital were persuaded to accuse a young American Sister of having mistreated them. Just before boarding the bus to leave, this Sister was ordered by the police to kneel and ask pardon from those girls "for all the harm she had caused them." The girls had been driven to such fury that they began pinching the Sister's arms; upon arriving at the border, her arms were still black and blue and sore.

Chinese jail was a real nightmare. Not allowed to sleep, the nuns were kept awake by the blaring of radios and the glare of spotlights. In one case they were even awakened by the butt of a gun each time they dozed. They were not allowed to have knives, forks, or spoons in their cells. Meat, brought to them by their Chinese Sisters, had to be cut with the edge of a stone filed for that purpose. They were punished because their lips moved in prayer.

A spry little nun had spent 39 years in China. "I am going to Ja-

pan to continue my work," she insisted.

"Aren't you rather old for that?"

"Father, Sisters never grow old!"

Oftentimes the Sisters' greatest asset, whether or not they knew it in jail, was a sense of humor. During long hours of questioning they were asked: "What kind of clothes did you wear when you were 14 years old; what did you have for breakfast; did you put sugar in your coffee; did you butter your toast?"

A Sister surgeon was condemned to two years of hard labor "for having allowed many patients to die in the hospital through neglect." Her sentence was that she should carry on her work in the hospital, where she proceeded to operate every day, and, in many cases, she operated upon communist officials, and their wives and children. In Chungking, a Sister nurse who had been jailed after 25 years as a matron of a hospital was taken out of jail and returned to the hospital to treat a dangerously ill communist official. One month later, when he was well and discharged, she was thrown back into jail.

Glancing over a shoulder, they walk slowly to board the train that will take them to new mission fields. Always, when possible, they go among the Chinese people outside China.

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MAN can take the atom apart. It takes God to hold it together.

*SAE Journal.*

# Work or Worry?

*An expert in the "people" business shows you here that the old copybooks were right*

BY ANNE HEYWOOD

Condensed from "Be Yourself"\*



WHY ARE some people successful and others not? Everyone has known persons who run from pastor to doctor to psychologist for help, yet seem to get nowhere. Others may be started on the path to success by a casual remark overheard on a bus. What is this quality that makes all the difference?

For a long time I dismissed it as "luck." But I was not satisfied with this explanation. In my work as employment counselor, I studied hundreds of actual successes and failures to find what qualities were common to each.

I didn't want a list of vague Do's and Don'ts. I wanted to find the X quality, the thing which the "lucky" people had and the "unlucky" people didn't. I jotted down whatever quality the "lucky" ones seemed to have, and then checked it off against dozens of other successful people. Here are some of my notes about the "lucky" people.

"They don't worry about people stealing their ideas. N. F. said, 'I figure that if they steal enough

golden eggs, they'll end up by hiring the goose. Works out that way, too.'"

"Even when they're badly upset, they don't let things slide. You get the feeling that their filing is up to date, and that when they wash the dishes, the dishes will be really clean."

"They speak decisively. Their Yes means Yes and their No means No."

By the time I had finished, 26 such statements stood on my list. I then boiled them down to a single sentence: *If you want to be successful, you must do everything you presently have to do—no matter how distasteful—as well as you possibly can.*

Take the young man who goes job hunting. He compiles a list of potential employers, prepares a resumé of his abilities, and garners a good many interviews. He is puzzled when nobody offers him a job. He then goes over his technique on the interview, works out better dialogue, takes pains with his

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grooming, buys a new tie. When this doesn't work, he may say: "You have to have contacts."

It never occurs to him that the laundry that he hasn't sent out, the office reports that he hasn't read, the work in hand that chokes up his desk, and the long overdue visit to his ailing aunt had anything to do with his lack of success. Yet if he will, for one week, simply do wholeheartedly each thing that lies at hand, he will build up a habit of effectiveness which will result in more job offers than he can handle.

Self-respect is fragile. It cannot flourish on an occasional flashy accomplishment. It needs for its health and growth an habitual effectiveness in each little chore that is undertaken. When a job applicant harbors any doubt about his own day-in, day-out level of performance, the prospective employer is going to know it.

The same thing happens in the case of the young woman whose telephone never rings. She would be astonished to learn that in spite of her fabulous hairdo, beautiful costume, and beautifully manicured hands, she carries with her an atmosphere of the dishes that are piled high in her sink, of the dust that has gathered under her sofa, and of the niece whose birthday present she neglected to send. She, too, will find that one week of doing each little thing well will give her such self-confidence that before

long her telephone will begin to ring.

We tend to credit bad habits with more staying power than good habits, when actually the reverse is true. The person who does a thing badly does it against the resistance of his whole nature, and against the collective resistance of the whole universe, whose natural law is efficiency. On the other hand, when you do one thing well, the temptation to do the next thing well is almost irresistible.

Here are the people who are simply asking for failure.

*The Worriers.* Of all the activities which Satan finds for the idle, worrying is at the top of the list. And worrying causes more unnecessary failures than anything else. The worrier has no idea how much creative energy he is channeling into his worries instead of his work.

"I used to worry all the time," a man told me. "One morning, I came across a quotation in a magazine: 'The best thing about the future is that we only get it one day at a time.' I decided that I was going to put my whole energy for one day into doing my work. I would do all my worrying in one hour before I went to bed. For the first time in my life I put my whole mind on every detail of the day's work. By ten o'clock I felt so good that it seemed ridiculous to go through the hour of worrying. I have never worried since.

"Life gets a different texture," he

went on, "when you do everything wholeheartedly. As I walk to work, instead of moving in a gray envelope of worry, I look at the shops and I look at the people. I smell the smells, and I feel the breeze, and it's like having my blinders removed."

The habit of doing everything you do the best that you can will so fill your day that worry will have a hard time getting a foot in the door. But it does more than that. It eliminates the real grounds of our worry.

The mother who neglects her child in little things is the mother who pictures some dire disease striking her child dead. The man who lets the work pile up at the back of his desk is the man who worries about the inequalities of the capitalistic system.

The whole process of worry is a pushing of dirt under the carpet. To divert our attention from our own shiftlessness, we work up a tremendous concern about something really big, like whether or not we'll be able to meet the rent, or whether our love will be requited.

*The Idle Dreamers* do just enough to get by because, after all, their present work is beneath them. A stenographer I know has been in her present job six years. She has never been fired, but neither has she ever gotten a raise. She plods along on the brink of being fired because all of her real effort

is being saved for her singing lessons in the evening. One day she is going to be a rich and famous singer. In the meantime, what does her job matter? The only trouble is, her bad work habits in her job carry over into her singing lessons. In another four years she will still be doing the same thing, only by then she will be too old to start her singing career.

*The Remorse-ridden.* Many people have it in for themselves, and are destined to fail. They may do everything right, on the surface at least, but they do not get the job. Their subconscious feeling of their own unworthiness makes them enter each interview with a kind of don't-hire-me-I'm-no-good approach, sometimes camouflaged by arrogance.

In their search for relief from remorse most of these people turn either to religion with its concept of a loving and forgiving God, or to the kind of psychiatry which recommends that you forget it, you were just expressing yourself. Of the two, I have seen religion effect vastly more cures. The Catholic Church has, during my six years in the people business, won my everlasting admiration for its wonderful handling of the remorse-ridden.

*The Idea Hoarders* are another group of potential failures. They are always very cagey, both in their interviews and on the job.

Two college professors are per-



fect examples of the right and the wrong way to handle ideas. The failure is a man who had an idea for a book 20 years ago. It was a marvelous idea, but he was afraid to talk it over with any publisher because he was sure somebody would steal it. He plodded through his courses day after day, with his mind always on his book. A few years later, somebody else did come out with the same idea. Our friend is now permanently embittered. He let that one idea so snarl up his mental traffic that he never had another one, and probably never will.

The other professor got a wonderful idea for a textbook. He worked on it, talked it over with publishers. Then he set to work and got it halfway finished. Just then, a British scholar came out with a similar text. But this professor didn't devote the rest of his life to grief. He knew it must have been a good idea if it hit the other man, too. Besides, his researches gave him fresh ideas. He went to work on them, and one of them led to great discoveries. He published a number of articles based on this one idea. He has been producing other important ideas ever since. He is now one of the leaders in his field.

We must treat ideas somewhat as though they were baby fish. Throw thousands out into the waters. Only a handful will survive but that handful is plenty.

The "Martyrs" are another group who close the doors to success on themselves. A woman came into my office one day. She stood very straight, and everything about her appearance bespoke nobility tested beyond human endurance.

"The children are in school now," she said bravely, "and I would like to prepare myself for a position."

She had married a promising young lawyer who was a prospective heir. But the estate had dwindled, and, on his father's death, he inherited almost nothing. Between the lines, you could see that he was a pretty good guy but that a good deal of her motive in marrying him had been the inheritance. When it failed to materialize, she became a hopeless martyr.

"We had to let our maid go," she told me, "and I took on all the housework and the care of the two children. I was completely exhausted all the time."

I'm afraid I wasn't very sympathetic. I, too, have handled a good deal of housework, and babies, and I know that much fatigue comes from rebellion.

I explained that her energy was being drained away from the work at hand and into complaining.

Luckily, she was a woman of high energy. The undone work that had piled up through all the years had left plenty for her "martyr" role. She got so mad at me that she was determined to show

me she could succeed. She even took my suggestion that she go home and do a thorough house-cleaning. Within a few weeks, she was working harder and feeling less tired than ever before.

Soon her husband and children began reacting to the change in her. The whole family got along better than they had in years. The children started doing better at school. The husband got a promotion.

There is almost no frustration that will not clear up if the person who is suffering from it will simply determine to do every single thing he does the best he possibly can. It is not necessary to make any long-range plan. Ordinarily, if a person will do this day by day for a week, so many of his troubles will

clear up that he needs no urging to continue.

It isn't how much we actually accomplish nor even the quality of the finished work that matters. It is entirely what percentage of what we *can* do that we are doing. And there is not a creature alive who doesn't know instinctively whether he is doing his best or not.

The tired person is the person who is killing time. I held a most unpleasant typing job during the depression. I remember that on days in which I gave it my best all day, I would go out at five o'clock fresh as a daisy. Days when I tried thinking of ways to avoid work left me exhausted. The actual amount of effort necessary to go through the gestures of a job without giving it your all is enormous.



### *Ways and Means*

WHILE getting her things together for a visit with grandmother, little six-year-old Effie ran to the bookcase and brought back three books: *Peter Rabbit*, *Little Black Sambo*, and *Child Guidance*.

"Effie," said her mother. "You won't need that *Child Guidance*."

"Oh, yes I will," replied the child. "Grandma still believes in spanking."

*Country Gentleman.*



A SMALL BOY marched into a butcher shop and said to the butcher, "I want a tough steak." The butcher was extremely busy at the moment, and was about to turn the boy down, but a look at the sandy-haired, freckle-faced youngster was too much for him. Turning to another customer, the butcher said, "It's a shame that some parents have to send their children out to the store when they want to buy the cheapest cuts of meat."

"It's not that at all," interrupted the boy firmly. "I want a tough steak because if it's tender my father will eat it all."

*Wall Street Journal* (23 Apr. '54).

*More must be made known to more of our people if peace, democracy  
and the human race are to prevail*

## The Facts of Atomic Life

By THOMAS E. MORGAN

*Continued from the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

IF AMERICA is to survive in our precarious world, our leaders must learn the atomic facts of life. They must no longer leave atomic development entirely to the "experts."

These statements may surprise many. Did not President Truman order the first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima? No man has given more support to the atomic energy program than Harry S. Truman. And yet, only a few days after becoming a private citizen, he said, "I am not convinced that the Russians have achieved the know-how to put the complicated mechanism together to make the A-bomb work. I do not believe they have the bomb."

His statement clearly shows the failure of the experts to get across to him the full import of atomic energy. It also shows the too complete reliance placed by Mr. Truman on his atomic experts while he was President.

Mr. Truman was not the only American leader who was ignorant of vitally important facts about

atomic energy. Back in the spring of 1945, John Foster Dulles was sent with others to San Francisco to represent the U.S. at the conference to draw up the United Nations charter. They were to make decisions which would affect the lives of all of us, yet Mr. Dulles and his associates were told nothing about the atomic bomb which was to fall on Hiroshima only a few months later. Mr. Dulles has since pointed out that the charter was thus obsolete even before it went into effect. Yet, at the time, scores of other people in the U.S. had the information so vitally needed by Mr. Dulles.

In 1943, at Quebec, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill made a secret agreement that neither the U.S. nor Britain would use the atomic bomb against a third country without the consent of the other. It was not until 1947 that the U.S. Senate learned about this agreement. Yet the Senate is supposed to have a hand in making foreign policy. The late James Forrestal, in those days a key figure

in security matters, learned of this agreement at about the same time the Senate did.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, former supreme commander in the Far East, was never fully briefed on our atomic strength. During the Congressional hearings of 1951, he was asked, "General, are you aware of what our atomic preparedness situation is today?" He answered, "Only in a general way." Then he was asked, "Do you know the number of bombs in our stockpile?" He replied, "I do not. I have no more information on that than the average officer would have."

From the very beginning, our policy has been to shroud everything about atomic energy in the deepest secrecy. Extreme wartime security measures set the pattern which, to this day, restricts atomic information to a very few. The Atomic Energy act of 1946, setting up an independent civilian commission to control atomic energy, reflects this pattern. The theory behind the act was to leave nuclear development to the "experts." This has had one great advantage: it kept atomic energy out of politics. But it has an even greater disadvantage: it has led responsible government officials to regard the whole field of atomic energy as "none of their business."

Besides, much has happened in the field of atomic energy since 1946. "Fusion Joe," as I call the Soviet thermonuclear test shot of

last August, has changed the whole situation. What is needed now is not more secrecy, but less of it, in certain quarters.

Leading scientists today are demanding that we "let the Americans people in on the atom." I agree. But I think it is even more important that we first brief our government officials. The nation's leaders must feel a responsibility for informed personal action in atomic matters as opposed to their present attitude of taking the experts' word for it. We are now dealing with a force of such astronomical proportions that in this field there really are no "experts."

Statesmen of the past, in deciding upon war, have had at least some idea of the consequences of their decisions. Often such statesmen had fought in earlier wars; they knew at firsthand some of the awfulness of war. But even those who were present at Hiroshima have only a faint idea of what the next war will be like.

I believe that our large-scale tests of atomic weapons should be thrown open to more observers. Certainly, all of our responsible leaders should be present. Knowledge gained merely from briefings or movies is not enough. No force as great as that unleashed by the atom can be depicted in motion pictures or reports, no matter how skillfully it is presented.

It is not only to prepare our leaders for war decisions that I suggest

removing some of the secrecy about the atom. Today our nation's supreme goal must obviously be peace. And both the threats and the promises of atomic energy are vital to any solution of the problems of peace. If our statesmen are to be qualified peacemakers, they must be constantly abreast of atomic developments.

We must not succumb to the narcotic effect of placing blind faith in the experts. To generate the necessary will to survive and the will to find peace, we must all, as intelligent citizens, learn as much as we can about what is going on in the atomic field. Escaping this sobering chore by leaving it up to the experts is not the way to lick problems in a democracy.

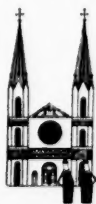
After attending a large-scale nuclear explosion, one can never for-

get the sudden, deafening, angry roar of tortured nature as energy escapes, in a millionth of a second, from its ancient confinement. Men too have gigantic energies captive in their minds, needing only the compression of circumstances for release in the most varied forms of human activity. In its highest form, this release joins with God's grace to change a mere man into a saint. In others it transforms, in a relatively short time, schoolboys into scientists and children into philosophers.

What our divided world needs now are architects of survival, those blessed peacemakers of the Sermon on the Mount. They exist, just as surely as that energy exists which, when released, produces the gigantic explosions that are now shaking the world.

## *How Your Church Can Raise Money*

THE FIRST Sunday of each month is general Communion Sunday at St. Edward's church in Afton, Iowa. The women of the parish decided that the parish could raise money through a Communion breakfast available after every first-Sunday Mass. The women were divided into six committees. Each committee, on two first Sundays a year, manages the breakfast. For average cafeteria prices, the communicants can enjoy sweet rolls,

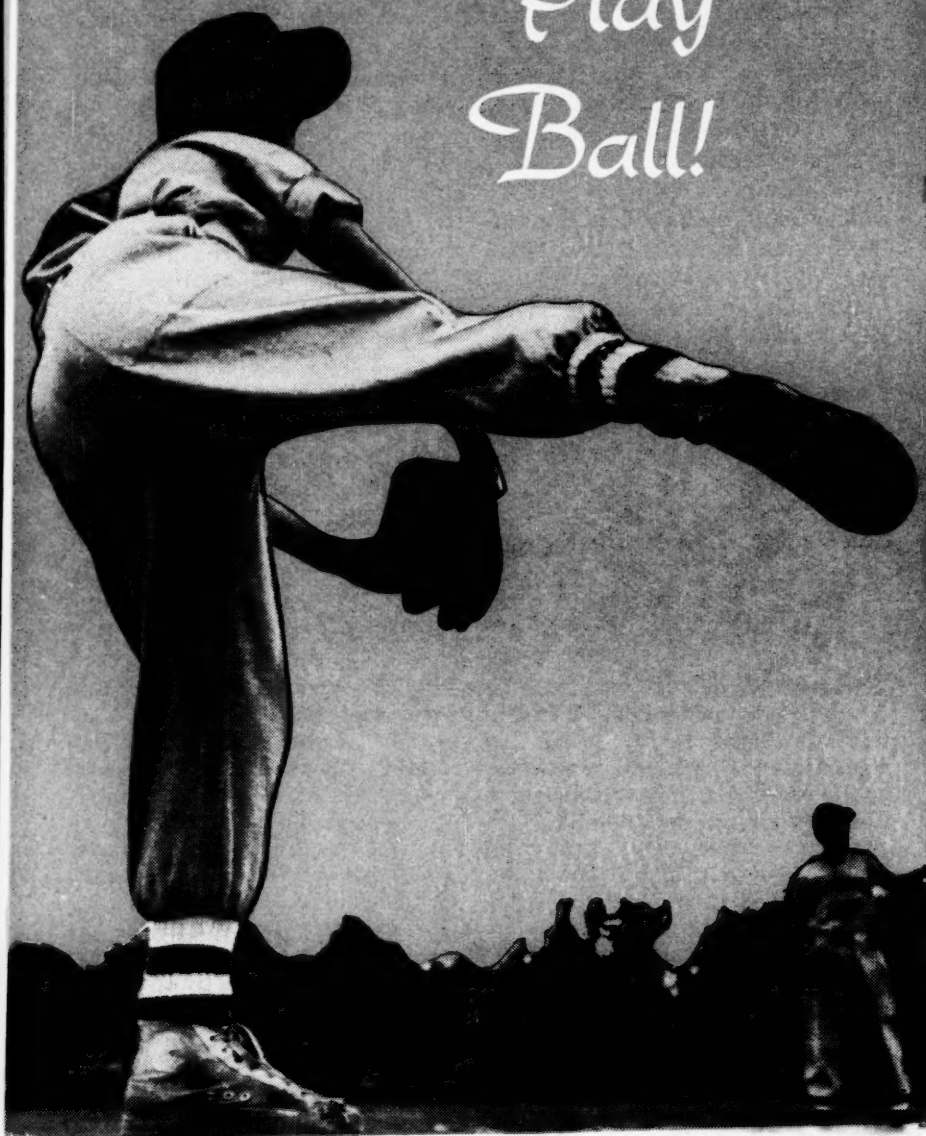


doughnuts, cookies, fruit juices, fruit, coffee, and cocoa. On special occasions, the committee provides ham and eggs. Most of the food is donated by local food distributors and parishioners. We feel that our project serves a threefold purpose: it encourages Communions by making breakfast available immediately after Mass; the parishioners enjoy the sociability; and the church benefits from the money earned.

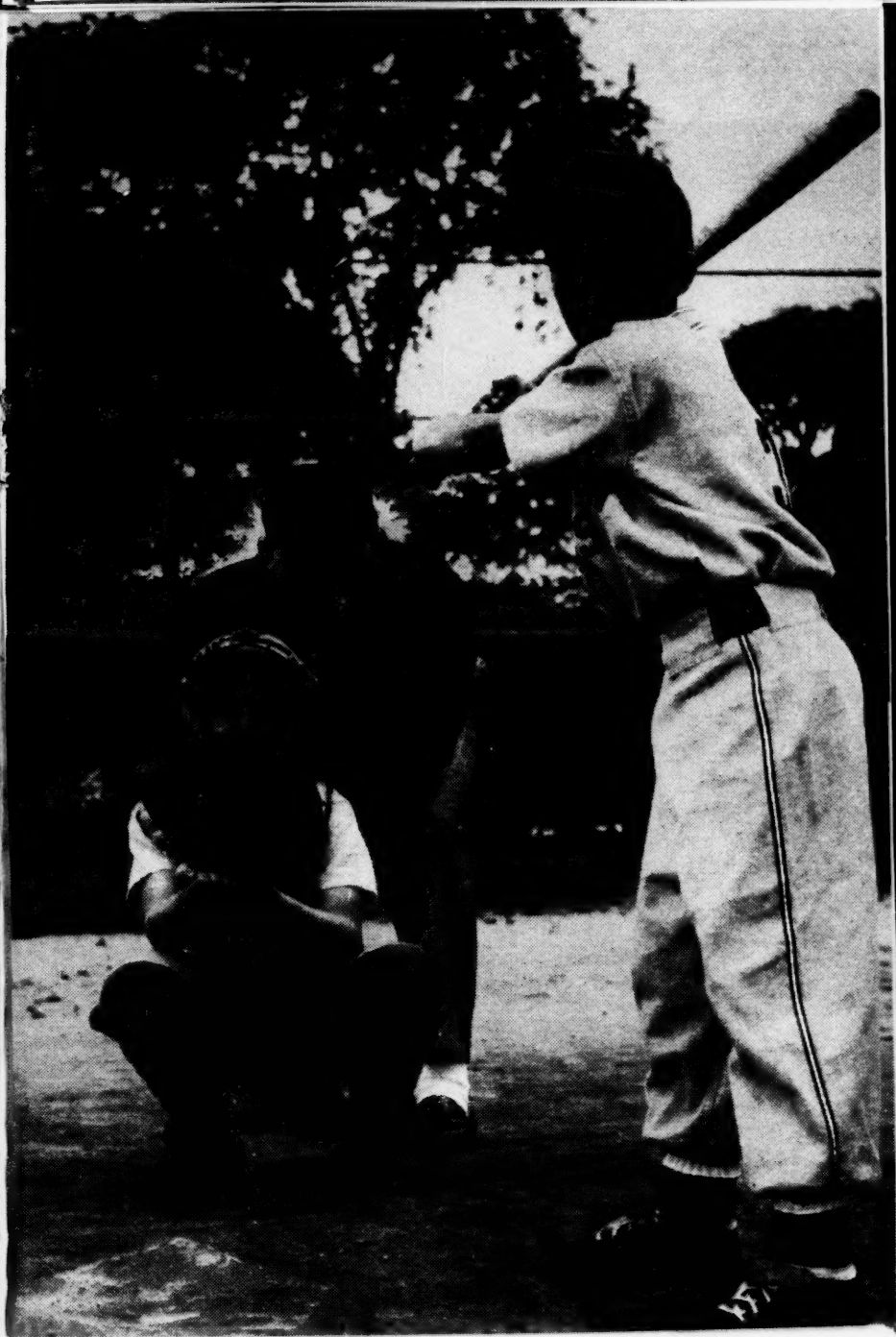
Mrs. Leo Weis.

*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.*

Play  
Ball!











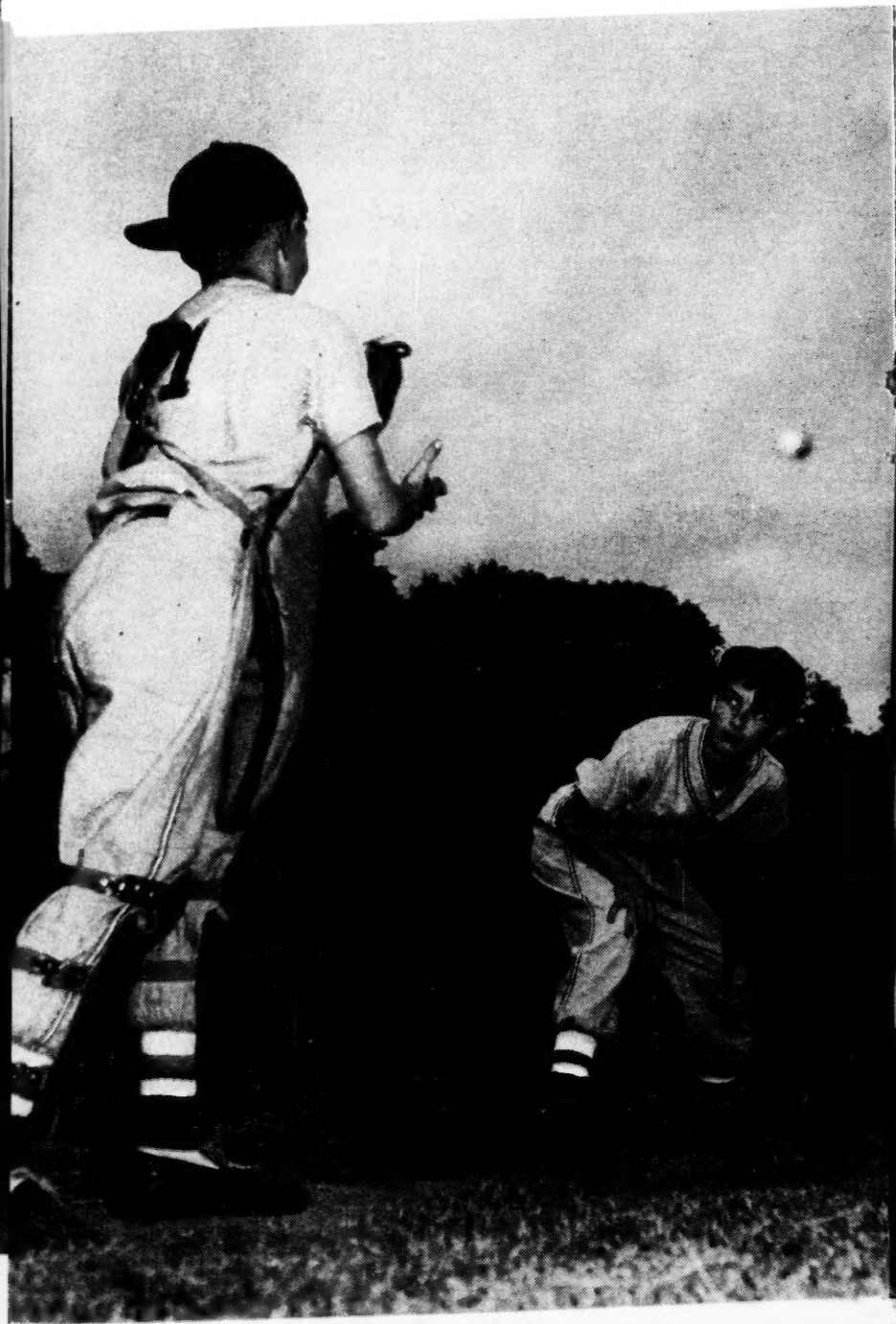


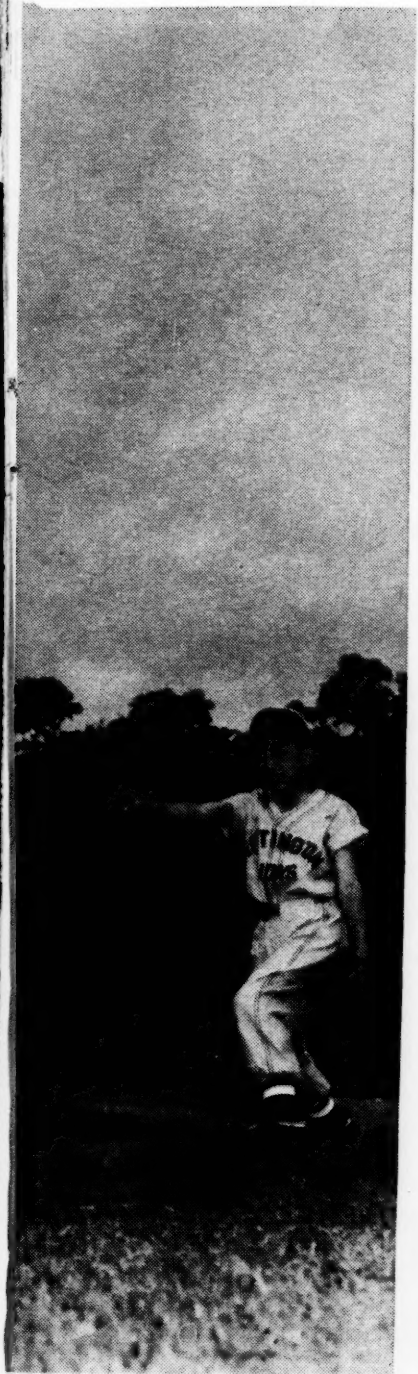
Three Lions photos by Orlando

The Huntington, Long Island, Little Leaguers (upper left) get some advice on how to bunt.

During spring training the coach assigns a boy to each position on the team. Then each lad gets individual coaching on the fundamental techniques of playing his position. Bill Cassin (upper right) coaches the first baseman.

A fast ball on the inside (at left) makes this lad jump away from the plate. The batter is wearing a special protector for his head. Notice the ball coming into view from the right.





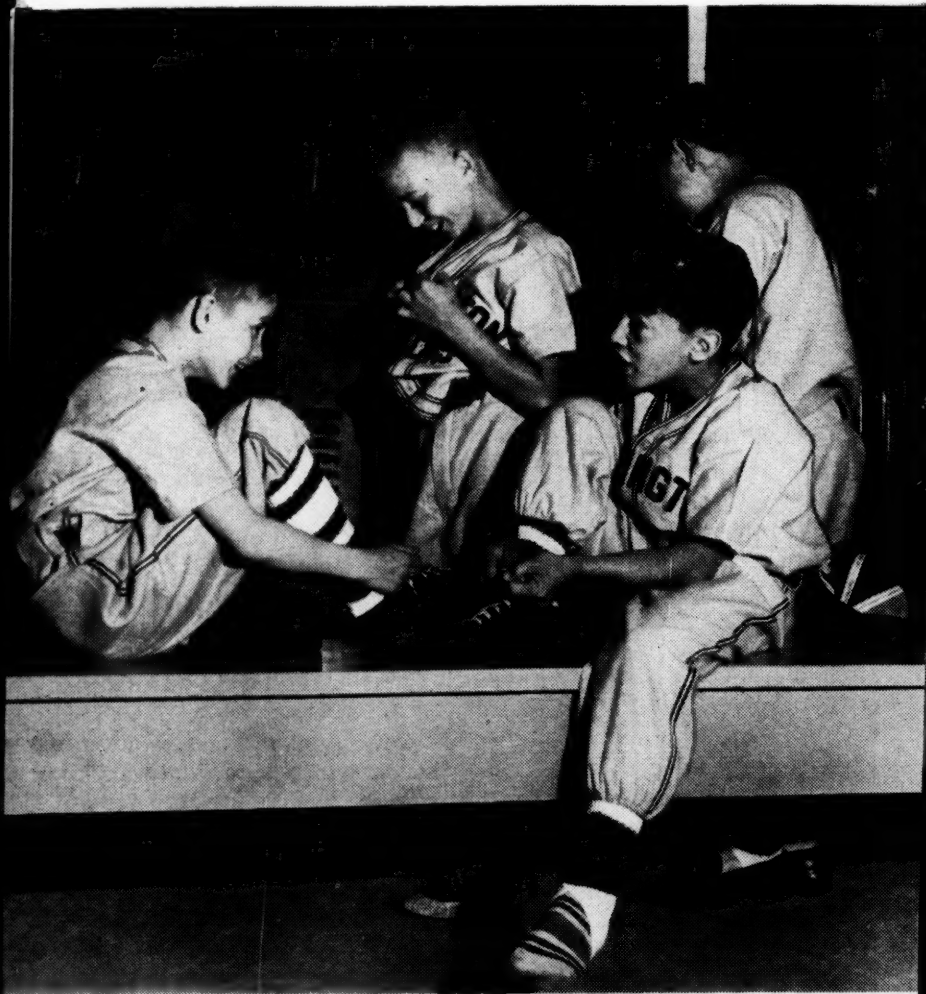
**P**LAY BALL!" shouts the umpire. A short lad with a determined look steps to the mound, winds up, and pitches the first ball. Another Little League game is under way.

Sand-lot baseball has been part of every American boy's experience; but in recent years this small-fry pastime has acquired a new look. The size of the diamond has been cut down, and rules have been changed to make the game easier for small boys. Community groups buy uniforms, protective headgear, and other equipment for the teams.

Since it was organized in 1939, the Little League has grown until 25,000 boys, nine to 12 years old, participate in the program. Most of the youngsters would be playing baseball anyway, but in a disorganized fashion. Now they learn to play according to the rules. Adult coaches and umpires provide a progressive training program.

The Little League has spread to cities in every state. Because most smaller cities have no organized teen-age program, the Little League has its largest following in these communities. Similar programs have been in effect for many years in the larger cities.

**Caught between bases, a runner tries to evade the catcher and third baseman as they close in on him.**



After the game there's usually time for baseball talk in the locker room. If the game runs late, mom is on hand to see that the small fry get home in time for supper.



# The Weeping Madonna of Sicily

*The bishop of the oldest "parish" of the Western church sees more miracles wrought in souls than in arms and legs*

By GODFRIED BOMANS

Condensed from *De Volkskrant*\*

A YOUNG COUPLE got married in Syracuse, Sicily, on March 21, 1951. The man was Angelo Vincenzo Jannuso; the woman was Antonina Giusto. They moved into a small house on the Via degli Orti, No. 11. The sister-in-law and the aunt of the 20-year-old Antonina moved in with them. When Antonina was with child, complications set in, making the approaching confinement dangerous. By the morning of Aug. 29, her suffering was almost unbearable.

An image of the Blessed Virgin, a wedding present from her sister-in-law, was hanging at the head of her bed. It was a varnished plastic figure in half-relief.

Suddenly, the woman says, she saw tears falling from the eyes of the statue. Her pains stopped, her paralysis disappeared. She called the two other women in, and they also saw the tears.

The news spread, and soon the city of Syracuse was in turmoil. People came running by the thou-

sands to the laborer's little house.

To prevent accidents, the police ordered the image to be hung up on the outside of the house. Here it remained four days and three nights, the tears falling at regular intervals. Pilgrims by tens of thousands came to see it, first from Syracuse, then from the neighboring cities, and finally from all over Sicily and southern Italy.

In December, the nine bishops of Sicily, under the chairmanship of Cardinal Archbishop Ruffini of Palermo, issued this statement:

"The bishops of Sicily, assembled in conference, have listened with the greatest impartiality to the detailed report of the Most Reverend Barranzini, Archbishop of Syracuse, about the weeping image of our Lady there, and carefully examined the depositions by some of



\*Nieuwe Zijds Voorburgwal 345, Amsterdam, Holland, Feb. 18 and 20, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

the witnesses. They are unanimous in the final judgment that there can be no doubt in the reality of the weeping. They hope that this manifestation of the heavenly Mother will arouse every one of us to do penance and that the final result will be a greater devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Finally, they express the wish that the desired sanctuary shall be built on the designated spot in order to keep the memory of this miracle alive."

If we interpret the words *the desired sanctuary* correctly, they can only mean that the bishops intend to build a church. I discussed this matter in an hour-long talk with Antonina Giusto. She told me that the Madonna communicated the following three messages to her:

1. That her paralysis would come to an end immediately; that her pains would never return; and that her childbirth would take a normal course.

2. That her child would be born on Christmas.

3. That a church should be erected there, dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

That same moment, Antonina said, her pains ceased. And the child was born on Christmas. It is a boy. She asked me to hold him. I did, and the other two women looked on, smiling at me and the rosy-cheeked baby. The boy's name is Mariano Vincenzo Natale—Mariano referring to Mary, and Natale

(Italian for Christmas) to his birthday. His father's second name is Vincenzo.

The father had just joined us, and asked whether I actually was from Holland. Then he wished to know if we had snow there. When I said Yes, he fell silent, and the astonished look in his eyes seemed to say that he marveled more at that than at the wonder in his own house.

I had been told that Vincenzo formerly was a communist, but no longer now. When I asked him about it, he said somewhat hesitatingly, "Not as much as before."

A crowd outside was shouting now: "*Il bambino!*" The mother pushed one of the curtains aside, and showed the child to them. This scene repeats itself all day.

ANTONINA is a heavy woman, with the weary and prematurely aged face of the people in this region. She shuffles slowly into a corner of the room and begins to cook something. On the floor I see peelings, torn newspapers, and crumbs from a previous meal. The air is stuffy.

Then she asks me if I wish to see the bedroom. I stand at the place where the miracle is said to have happened. There is a bouquet of flowers on the wall where the image used to hang.

I ask questions. Antonina has some difficulty answering them. No, she said, the Blessed Virgin did not speak to her. The lips of



the image did not move nor did she hear a voice. How, then, did she get the three messages she is supposed to have received? They came from within, she said. It was as if someone were speaking inside of her.

Did she tell the others immediately when the child was going to be born, or did she wait until after the birth? No, she mentioned the prophecy to everybody who cared to hear it, to thousands of people.

My next question was: Why did the Madonna weep? She doesn't know. Perhaps, because there is so much evil in the world? That, too, she does not know, but the Pope might know.

What did she think when she first saw those tears? Nothing. She was frightened, and called her aunt, who in turn called Grazia, her husband's sister. The three began to pray.

A little later, Vincenzo came home. What did he think? When he saw the enormous crowd in front of the house he thought his wife had died. Told about the miracle, he got mad and came running inside to smash the image to pieces. Then he felt the tears wetting his hand, and he quickly put the Madonna back on the wall.

Vincenzo asked me some questions. Will he have to move if they should build a church on the site of the house? That seemed to me most probable, I said, but they would surely see to it that he got a

new home. He seemed dissatisfied with the whole thing.

We continued our conversation in the living room, where we had some wine. Then Antonina had a new difficulty. She couldn't understand why of all people this should have happened to her; she wasn't a saint. And Vincenzo, now only half communist, wished to know if I could explain to him how this change in himself had come about. No, I could not tell him.

Out on the street, I said to myself, "To me, one of the greatest miracles is that these people, in the face of all the excitement, have remained their own selves, simple and naïve. Not a sign of hysteria nor even a feeling of exaltation, only surprise that such a thing should happen to them—poor sinful folk."

I WENT to the *Piazza Euripide*. It is an abominable, treeless square in one of Syracuse's suburbs. The houses encircling it are weather-beaten and dismal. I couldn't make out whether they were homes or shops. But it was evident that the lower part of the façade on almost all of them had been torn out and rebuilt into ugly salesrooms for "religious articles." Nearly all of them carried the same sign: *Oggetti religiosi*. These are the same miserable products of bad taste that we find all over the world in places where pilgrims gather, the same coarse and vulgar "art" objects that

do so much harm to true piety.

The statuette which unloosened this stream of ill taste in Syracuse is now placed high up on a marble pedestal. It is not beautiful, but not really ugly either, just an ordinary factory product, made by the thousands and boxed in dozen lots. I know how they produce piety on the production line: one girl paints the eyes, another the red heart, a third the hands, and a fourth dips the whole thing into varnish. Our Madonna is such a figure.

Did Christ's Mother especially choose this ordinary product as a symbol of her sorrow? That's possible, I think. Since God Himself chose a manger to be His cradle and a piece of wood to be His deathbed, it seems likely. And while you watch the square overflowing with praying humanity, it becomes a certainty.

For this we have to give credit to the people of southern Italy: they know how to pray. But it is not quite correct to call this prayer. I would call it coercion, or a command. That mother there who lifts up her deformed child is not just asking a favor. She importunes and implores and cries and sobs for the cure of her child—now, this minute, without delay!

The man next to her does not mutter his prayers quietly, either. He stands with outstretched arms waiting for the moment that will make him see again. It may happen in a few minutes, or he may

have to stand there for days. But there is no doubt that it will, that it must, happen.

The amazing trust of those people is breathtaking. The entire square is one solid mass of faith.

The Madonna looks silently and with a sweet smile across the piazza into the distance. On the ground below, a man pounds the marble pedestal with his fist.

Near by is a kind of office, the "administration" headquarters. I have seldom seen such an odd set of functionaries in one place. There sits a priest whose sole occupation is opening the letters that are being sent from all over the world. He hands them to three other priests, who read and sort them and see to it that they are immediately placed on shelves near the image. I read a few. This one is from a young girl in Turin who asks to be cured; another comes from a man in Rio de Janeiro who has been deaf for years; a third is by a child in New York who is anxious to walk again. It is an endless lamentation about human misery.

THE priests showed me a report by a six-member commission of chemists—three Catholics and three non-Catholics—who had made a special study of the tears' chemical composition. They were unanimous in their verdict that the tears were real.

I also read the deposition by Signore Santini of Lucca, who made

the model of the image. Not one of the thousands of the other reproductions had shed any tears. This was quite natural, considering the fact that they were all solid, bone dry on the inside, and entirely covered with impenetrable enamel.

Dr. Rosa, one of the chemists who made the study, examined the eyes. Their color was a mixture of seven different shades, so that vestiges necessarily would have been found if the tears came from the inside. After reading quite a number of authentic depositions and reports, I come to the conclusion that tears never were so thoroughly and painstakingly examined as in this case.

Nobody troubles to talk to the beggar who asks for alms. Pilgrims give him a coin, but nobody cares to ask why he weeps. Even now, while I am writing this, there are uncounted human beings in southern Italy who are living in misery; but hardly anyone cares.

But here in Syracuse it is different. A little factory-made image hardly begins to weep, and everybody from near and far hurries excitedly to see it.

This is, perhaps the reason why the Madonna weeps. She cries, not because she wants to create all this excitement, but because she deplores the fact that people hardly ever are moved to tears by the misery surrounding them. She cries because too much is being expected from miracles and too little from

charity. She cries because thousands of cripples and invalids on the *Piazza Euripide* probably would not be as they are if more social hygiene and more common sense had been applied. She cries because so little is said about conditions that are so bad that even the stones are moved to tears.

THE next day I went to see Archbishop Baranzini. We were scarcely seated when the Angelus rang. The archbishop rose, made the sign of the cross, and started praying aloud in Italian. I answered in Dutch. After we sat down again the archbishop made the flattering remark that he found the Dutch language *molto bella*. Then he added quite pointedly, "It doubtless occurred to you that we have been speaking together for about two minutes now, each in his own language, and that we had no trouble understanding each other."

The archbishop has an unusually large head, built up in broad smooth lines: the head of a ruler. His mouth is fatherly, but his resolute eyes proclaim a personality which one does not care to oppose.

"Do you have snow in Holland?" he suddenly asks. Everybody in Sicily asks the same question. They seem to be pleased to know that we, too, have our "miracle."

Now it is my turn. My first question is, "Do you believe that the apparitions of the last months in Syracuse are of supernatural ori-

gin?" The archbishop puts down his pipe, and looks at me. Then he asks, "Do you believe that I am sitting here?" I naturally admit that. "Just as strongly do I believe in the Madonna of Tears," he answered.

Then he picked up a copy of the *Osservatore Romano*, dated Feb. 4, 1951. He asked me to read an article, a part of which was marked with red pencil. This is what it said.

"Rumors have lately been spreading all over the world, especially in Italy, about miraculous events and apparitions which are supposed to have happened in a number of places. The Church considers it her duty to warn the faithful to be on guard against being misled by these assertions and to trust only their own eyes.

"For some time we have noticed among our people a strong inclination towards the miraculous, including things pertaining to worship. Instead of going to church to listen to the word of God and to receive the sacraments, people gather in great numbers in places where miracles and visions are supposed to have happened and where persons who do not even know the first rudiments of our faith establish themselves as ardent apostles. It is in no wise the intention of the Church to cast a doubt on a real miracle. But she wants to point out to her faithful the difference between the things that come from

God and those that are caused by our common enemy. . . ."

Having finished reading, I turned my eyes toward the archbishop. He said, "You see, I have been warned. Those are the words of Cardinal Ottaviano, the present assessor of the Holy Office. When a man like that speaks, the Bishop of Syracuse is bound to listen. However, I may add, I agree with every word he says. There is too much of a tendency among our people, especially in southern Italy, to fall for the mysterious where they would do better to use their reason. This is not only damaging to a healthy religious life but also puts a heavy drag on the development of other activities, especially in the social sphere.

"It is only natural then that my first thought was, 'No nonsense in my diocese,' when I was informed about an image that was supposed to be weeping. I went there immediately, intending to make a quick end of it."

THE archbishop relighted his pipe and held his eyes on me for a few seconds before he said, "You are from a country where people use common sense. In Syracuse we have such people, too, and I am one of them. There are moments, however, when the natural power ends and the supernatural begins. I myself did not experience many such moments in my life. But when I held this image in my hands, and

the tears from the Madonna's eyes were running over my fingers, I was sure that this was one of them. Cardinal Ottaviano had told me to trust only my own eyes, and that is exactly what I did.

"I saw it as you see me now. You yourself wouldn't want me to keep on doubting. I did that as long as I could, because it is the duty of a bishop to be the last one among those who are won over in such cases. But I cannot hold out in the face of clear facts. Then I bend my head and say, 'This is the hand of God.'"

"The Devil, too, can perform miracles," I dared to suggest.

"Very true, but what do you think of a miracle which has stimulated religious life in all parts of Sicily? In my diocese alone the number of Communion has tripled and the priests are hard pressed to take care of the many people seeking to confess. If you want to know whether a miracle is the work of Satan, you must not look at the miracle itself but at the results that are visible in the life of the faithful. Then you'll have the answer. The Devil does not work against himself; he is too smart for that."

"What about those cures? Are they real?"

I noticed an expression of impatience. "Real?" the archbishop fairly shouted. "What is real? Do you call it real when the lame walk and the blind see and the deaf hear? And do you call it real when peo-

ple whom I have known only as bedridden for a long time suddenly walk into my church? Then there is that parishioner who always hobbled painfully along whenever I met him. Shall I ask him, too, if it were real that he threw away his crutches and was walking straight up to me, steady and erect? He would pick up his crutches and hit me over the head with them."

"How many sudden recoveries were scientifically confirmed?"

"Not a one, so far. That is very slow work. However, 653 persons have reported that they were cured. Some of them come themselves to tell us about it, others send letters. Every case will be investigated."

"Who makes the investigations?"

A commission of 15 experts, among them psychiatrists, family doctors, orthopedists, roentgenologists, and other specialists. Half of these men are not Catholic. Our own mayor represents the city of Syracuse on this commission; he happens to be a doctor and has a wide experience in judging people's mental attitudes. It is true that most of the people who claim to have been cured are from this neighborhood."

"You have seen the Pope. What does the Holy Father say?"

I notice a slight change in the archbishop's bearing, he is sitting fully erect now. I have surely reached the limit of my indiscretion. "The Holy Father demonstrated the greatest benevolent in-

terest," he said with deliberation.

I try another approach. "Were you present at one of the miracles?"

"Yes. It was on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Sept. 8. I was standing beneath the image while I preached to thousands of pilgrims gathered in the open square. After the sermon I prayed the Rosary with them. We were about half way through, when suddenly a girl's voice rang out, '*Viva Maria! Viva Maria!*' The people around her soon joined her in joyful exclamations, and then the jubilant voices came like a hurricane from all over the square. I had scarcely restored silence, when it was broken again by the same childish voice: '*Viva Maria! Viva la Madonna!*'"

"It was *Salvatrice*," he continued, "an eight-year-old whom I knew well. The girl was born mute and never had uttered a word. She had prayed that first half of the Rosary in her heart, her eyes steadily fixed on the image of the Virgin. Suddenly she was able to speak, and her voice was heard distinctly in the farthest corners of the square.

"*Si, signore*, that's the cure I witnessed personally. The following day I was still hoarse from shouting. In moments like that, you forget that you are a bishop and you shout like everybody else. And then you get into the crowd and push and push until you have reached the child to take her up in your arms. You are a Sicilian among

Sicilians now, and gladly wait until later to hear what the experts will have to say."

The effect the memory of this exciting experience had on the archbishop was quite noticeable; he evidently wished to change the subject. Getting up, he said, "Let's go."

Soon we were walking through the streets of Syracuse, one of the most ancient and beautiful cities ever built. In the cathedral, the archbishop points to the left wall, supported by columns from an ancient Greek temple that stood on the same spot. He points proudly to an inscription high up in the cupola which says, "The church of Syracuse is the first daughter of St. Peter and, after the one at Antioch, the first one dedicated to Christ."

"When St. Paul came to Syracuse," the bishop explained, "and remained here for three days, my predecessor in this parish was his host. That was in 59 A.D. A really old place, you see. If you wish to read the chronicles of my parish you'll have to start with the Acts of the Apostles, for they already tell you a lot about us. To some pastors from Rome who liked to boast about the age of their parishes, I once said, 'Just read St. Paul's letters, my friends. You will learn that the history of my parish started right there.' That silenced them immediately."

By now we had reached the house of the Moncada family,

where little Enza lived. She had infantile paralysis the first year of her life, had never been able to move her right arm. Her father carried her to the little house with the image of the Madonna. It was at the time that the image was still weeping. A few drops fell on the stiff arm of the girl, and suddenly the paralysis was gone.

Enza now came over to us, kissed the bishop's ring, and then shook hands with me with her right hand. It was a healthy, brisk handshake, with no sign whatever of stiffness or slackness. Before she ran off into the garden she swung both her arms swiftly back and forth to show us how easy it was.

We visited four other alleged miracles: a deaf boy who hears now, a woman walking about who had spent ten years in bed, and a 40-year-old blind man who now sees perfectly.

Said the archbishop to me after we had said good-by to the last one, "I'll have to get back now. But before I leave I wish to ask you this one question: how many cured people did you see?"

"Five," I said, "two children and three adults."

A faint smile appeared on the old prelate's face. He evidently had something up his sleeve. Then he said, "There were 12 in all. You see with the eyes of the layman, while I see with the eyes of the priest.

"I am not going around here like

a stranger," he continued, "but as the spiritual father of these people. And as such I met seven persons on our walk today who did not fulfill their Easter duty for years, and refused to hear anything about God and His Commandments. Some were drunkards and adulterers and one was a wanton woman. Now I have them all again under my crosier.

"For me, this is the greatest miracle. Arms and legs are transitory, whether healthy or not, but the soul is immortal and must be saved at all cost. This is the miracle you must not forget to mention when you write to Holland. There are many thousands of them in Sicily, in Italy, and in all parts of the world.

"You may meet people in Holland who need help. Tell them to pray confidently to the Madonna. For this I give you my blessing. I am sure it will turn out all right. And remember, the Archbishop of Syracuse, the prelate who surely has the right to say it, is telling you that because he is the pastor of the oldest parish in the West."

He made the Sign of the Cross upon my forehead, and walked away slowly. I kept my eyes on him for a while, and said to myself that I firmly would believe in this man, even if I had no faith in miracles.

But miracle or no miracle, they have in Syracuse a bishop who alone is worth the trip.



# Two Kids on a Bear Hunt

*With their .22's and their guardian angels they performed  
a feat that made their parents blench*

By JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

Condensed from the *Apostle*\*

**M**Y BROTHER Jim and I had our minds on bears when we coerced father into buying us each a little .22 rifle. Such small-bore weapons are meant for shooting squirrels and rabbits. But we were young and foolish. And one October evening, we found a den, a short distance from the cowpath in the pasture.

There are many ways of finding a bear den. Usually they are close to old sloughs where the bear grass grows. In fall, the bears forage far and wide, fattening up for the long winter sleep. They go into the sloughs and pull great heaps of the dried grass, for a mattress on which to sleep. They make it comfortable, about 14 inches deep, with only the softest grass on top. Cows or horses passing near are usually very uneasy; that is how we found our bear.

We said not a word to our parents. We wished that bear to go to sleep undis-

turbed, so that we could get him all by our nine and ten-year-old selves.

The fall days lengthened. Frost glittered on the stark bare bushland by night. One evening, when we examined the den entrance, we knew the bear was in. We had already observed broken branches, birch bark shredded off trees, and whole batches of muskeg moss torn up in strips, as well as great lumbering trails through the grass. Those were signs by which any experienced person could have trailed the bear to the rocky crevice under the roots of a massive spruce tree.

That bear had a history, though



\*P. O. Box 87, Detroit 31, Michigan, April, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Congregation of Marianhill Missionaries, and reprinted with permission.

we didn't know it at the time. He was old, maybe 35 years, incredible as this may seem. He had been shot at, chased by dogs, cursed by farmers, tracked by hunters. Always, his good luck, sagacity, and toughness had pulled him through.

As cunning came with old age, he had taken to living close to man, the better to outwit him.

Jim and I had more or less expected that if ever we were lucky enough to get a bear, it would be a little one. But the morning we finally got permission to go shooting rabbits, something warned me that where most other hunters had failed a couple of kids had stumbled across the incredible.

The opening of that bear den was huge; it seemed to me, suddenly, that a bull elephant could have gotten into it. And all around the huge entrance circle, little patches of fur had rubbed off, showing clearly that the den was almost too small for the occupant.

Jim and I examined the rear entrance to the den. We listened, and heard nothing. Then we went to work: we had heard tell of Indians smoking out sleeping bears. We forgot only one little detail—the Indians usually smoked out their bears in the spring, when they were thin and still stupid from hibernation.

First we jammed up the front entrance with big boulders, till it was half-closed. Then we lit a big smudge of rotten poplar wood and

frost-wet leaves at the rear entrance.

Then we sat down on a rock, our .22's trained on the entrance. Jim looked a bit white to me. I was a bit trembly, myself. I wanted to shoot the bear through the eye, so the hide wouldn't have a hole in it, and this shakiness in my gun arm bothered me.

Now, remember, we were used to hunting. With a .22, we could pick a red squirrel out of the highest tree—and nearly always with a shot through the eye. And we also knew, young though we were, that in the wilderness once you tackled something you finished it.

Never before or since have I heard a growl like unto that which suddenly rent the October air.

The rocks, which were meant to handicap the bear so that we could take our time getting a shot, literally erupted. Out came about 750 pounds of reddish-brown fury.

A bear's eyesight is not good, and neither Jim nor I was capable, for a moment, of any motion that would attract this fellow's attention. In addition, the smoke undoubtedly got in his eyes. He charged blindly, but toward us.

In his roaring, I didn't even hear the snap of a .22, but suddenly I saw a tiny furrow of hide jerk off the bear's throat. A little circle of red appeared. Jim had fired. The battle was on.

The bear came on. I fired at the eye. The bullet tore into the ugly

black nose. The bear slapped at his nose with his right paw and tore it open. Jim and I broke and ran, in different directions.

Neither of us needed to stop to think that if we didn't get the bear, he would get us.

The bear did stop, however, trying to decide which of us to get first. He chose Jim. There was a spruce tree in Jim's path. He got behind it and fired again, this time hitting the giant in the left shoulder. Though we had only single-shot rifles, reloading was automatic. The minute you pulled the trigger, you jerked back on the ejector and slipped in another shot.

Bears, contrary to popular opinion, are not slow. In a short sprint, they can outdistance a horse or a moose. As this one closed the gap on Jim, I fired, right for the center of his back. I was hoping to paralyze his spine.

I needed him enough for him to turn. He came at me. I tripped over some tangled sumac vines, fell flat on my face, and turned. My one thought now was: kneel and keep shooting. As calmly as I could (and I doubt if I could be as calm now) I shot at the bear's head. He stopped, opened his mouth and roared, and his teeth were crimson-white with his own blood.

"Shoot, Jim!" I kept yelling. "Shoot! Or I'm done for!"

I'll never forget my little brother that day. Often had I taunted him

for not being daring, or able to walk as far as I, on the trail, or do as much. Jim came running from his spruce tree towards the bear. At almost point-blank range, he fired into the bear's back.

The bear turned—it seemed nothing would stop him—just as Jim fired again. The bear did a funny thing then. He grabbed two fistfuls of moss, and slapped them to his side, where the bullet had entered.

There is a sixth sense that works in kids, better than it works in anyone else. Something told me then that we had won.

Now I ran forward and, deliberately, fired again at his back. That was the really lucky shot of the day. Bruin's hindquarters twisted suddenly. His great bulk bore him down. He smashed his teeth together, and began crawling, dragging his hindquarters, towards Jim.

We were little primitives. Now it was easy to take our time. Suddenly the bear knew it. He stopped crawling. His piggy eyes blinked, and I pulled the trigger for the last time.

That was our first bear. It was not our last, but there was never to be another incident like it. What our parents said was very little. The way they looked at us was something I'll never forget. We were heroes for a couple of months in the eyes of the community. But looking back, all I can say is: anyone who doesn't believe in guardian angels never grew up in the woods.

# My Aunt Rosa of Mexico

*South of the border, the girl who stays single has a special life work waiting for her*

By ELIZABETH BORTON DE TREVIÑO

Condensed from "My Heart Lies South"\*

**W**HEN I MET Tia Rosa she was of a certain age; she would never dream of telling it. She was a typical Mexican "auntie," and in Mexico, aunties are something special.

By fixed Mexican custom, if the mother is a widow, the last girl to marry will not do so, but will stay home, to keep *mamacita* company. Even today this custom persists. When broken, it is commented upon as one comments on elopements, around which there is an aura of public disapproval.

No matter how importunate the suitor, *mamacita* will not be left alone. But do not think that the last girl to marry sorrows too much. I have never known one to be bitter who was left with

her mother. In Mexico, sacrifice is regarded as beautiful, never as deforming. Sacrifice for beloved persons is performed with the whole heart, and a truly devoted love for one's parents and one's family is part of the whole social structure in Mexico.

When Tia Rosa met me, she clasped me and kissed me, and called me *preciosa* and *linda* and *mi vida*. I never knew anyone so prodigal of praise. She was so lavish in her endearments that I, used to Anglo-Saxon restraints, thought her affected at first. But only at first.

I learned that she was incapable of harshness. The worst I ever heard her say of anyone was a gentle "poor thing."

When I arrived



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in Monterrey as a bride. Tia Rosa was busy in Saltillo nursing a distant member of the family through a bout of arthritis. She did not leave for Monterrey until some other auntie arrived to take over. Then she came to Monterrey, and took care of a young niece through her confinement.

After the baby had been born and Tia Rosa had cherished and petted and adored both baby and mother, and flattered and spoiled and waited on the young husband, she left for Linares to comfort another cousin who was going through the first days of widowhood.

Tia Rosa had no home of her own, but she did not need one. She was wanted everywhere. She was always being sent for. There were not enough days in the year for Tia Rosa.

When occasionally she found herself with no one to nurse, no babies to be cared for, she sat down to her knitting or crocheting. Or she made her fantastically wonderful "gypsy's arm," a kind of jelly roll with the cake slashed so that red juice runs out through the scars. How she had contrived the time I'll never know, but she had made for Luis and me, for a wedding present, a dozen doilies of the finest lace.

One day I asked her about her youth in Linares.

"Oh, it was beautiful, so happy, so gay," she cried, but without a sigh for that lovely lost time. It was

a memory to treasure, that was enough. She told me about riding frisky horses through the countryside till all her hair tumbled down her back. She had danced all night in the Casino, her cheeks like carnations. She had many suitors, for she was tall and willow slim, and a great coquette. Her dimples flashed, her teeth were white and even, her eyes a sparkling dark brown, and her feet small and high-arched. There was many a serenade to Rosita, those summer nights in Linares, when the scent of the orange blossoms from the orchards hung heavy in the soft air.

"But my sisters married first, you see, and I was left alone, the last one, with *mamacita*. She was a widow, so of course I could not marry. How could I go away and leave her all alone?"

"The son of the governor of Coahuila, he begged me and begged me," recalled Tia Rosa. "He was so insistent. He was going to throw himself down from the church steeple and dear knows what all. But of course he never did. He married, and now he has 12 beautiful grandchildren. God bless him, he was a handsome young fellow on his horse, straight as an arrow, though he couldn't sing on the tune at all!"

Tia Rosa, in her endless journeyings, always to houses paralyzed with fear or trouble or death, or bursting at the joints with excitement of a coming wedding or

birth, made every arrival a little fiesta. She would descend from the bus laden with dozens of bags stuffed with presents.

She would put these down in the hall; then run about and kiss and hug every member of the family. Then she would open the bags and take out molded pear and apple jams from Saltillo, or pulque bread or squares of home-ground chocolates. Or there might be candy made with milk, cane sugar, pecans, and guava, from Linares; or little tray cloths stitched in her spare time; or a set of cooking vessels. No matter how poor and dusty and woebegone the village from which she had just come, she had managed to find some little presents.

Having cheerfully given up marriage, Tia Rosa gave up all the coquetties that accompany youth and courting. She loved to eat, and she grew fat. This caused her not an instant's remorse, except when her feet grew tired in their endless errands for the family. She paid no attention to cosmetics. She did not even unbend so far as perfumed soap. "No no, *preciosa*," she would say to me, "take it away; it smells lovely, save it for the baby. Bring me some good yellow laundry soap. That's the best thing for cleaning old hides."

Clothes? Tia Rosa adored them, for other people. She made enchanting little First Communion dresses, all fine tucks of white organdy, and

dancing dresses—all drifts of pink chiffon, or pale-blue silken ruffles. For herself, she sewed dresses of good stout flowered cotton, that could be washed and starched, and that would stand wear. When she was cold, she wrapped herself in a black shawl. She loved bedroom slippers of warm dark felt and wore them everywhere except to church.

In only one thing, besides food, Tia Rosa indulged herself. She never missed her siesta. Toward the end of the midday meal, which Tia Rosa always completed by serving herself liberally with beans fried in lard, topped with a dollop of hot chili sauce, she began to get heavy-eyed. During dessert, she often ate with her head propped on her hand, to keep from nodding. Refusing coffee, she would ask to be excused, and would go like a somnambulist to her bedroom. We would hear the squeak of the bed-springs, followed immediately by snores of complete abandonment.

After sleeping exactly one hour, she would awaken, spring up, freshen herself, and come toward kitchen, sick room, or nursery with her quick step, to see what she could do to help.

She was always chattering, telling anecdotes of the past, checking over news of all her far-flung family. Wonderful Mexican proverbs flowed from her lips. "Fewer burros, more corn for the rest," whenever someone rang up to say

that he couldn't make it home for lunch. "He who spits at heaven will find that it falls back on his face," when told of some person who broke religious rules. "The Devil knows more mischief because he is old, than because he is the Devil," whenever she heard of the foolishness of somebody old enough to know better.

One day, on returning from a short journey, I heard news that felled me like a bullet. Tia Rosa lay ill in Monterrey. She hadn't let anyone know except her sister, Tia Maria. Tia Rosa had been operated on, and it was hoped that her disease had at last been conquered.

I went to see her, carrying flowers, custard, lavender, cologne. She accepted the gifts sadly, and thanked me abstractedly. As I tried to make small talk, to cheer her, to ask what I might do, she paid

little attention. I stayed for half an hour. Then I prepared to go. Tia Rosa, who had always been so cheerful, was crying, gulping and sniffing like a child.

"*Ay, mi vida,*" she said, "I can bear it all, the pain, the botheration, the nasty medicines. But oh, it is hard not to be useful any more!"

I have known many Mexican aunties who, like Tia Rosa, had lived out their lives only to serve. Do not think she was an unusual type. Every Mexican home has, like a guardian angel, its Tia.

Whenever I come across the Biblical words, "Behold the handmaid," I think of Tia Rosa and all the others like her. But mostly of Tia Rosa, in her shapeless slippers and her dark cotton dress, smelling so clean and fresh of laundry soap, her face radiant with the joys of giving.

\* \* \*

## Flights of Fancy

Lilies trumpeting in silent excitement.  
*Joseph Manton, C.S.S.R.*

A rich, brown-gravy laugh.  
*Jane S. McIlvaine*

The jet engine whines, like a child warming up for a tantrum.  
*David J. Heffernan*

Apple trees with great bouquets in gnarled hands.  
*Elinor Graham*

A dead tree leafed with birds.  
*Morris Bender*

Cattails lifting their brown thumbs to test the first spring wind.  
*Davis Grubb*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



# RCA's Frank Folsom

*He carries the principles of his faith over to his life and work*

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

TWO REMARKS, made half a century apart, hit off the life story of Frank Folsom, president of the Radio Corporation of America. The first was made by his mother, as she tucked a bear rug around his legs for the long, bitter sleigh ride to Mass through the wilds of the Pacific Northwest, 50 years ago.

"Frank," she said, "never forget you're an Irishman." And Frank (whose father had shot the bear) never did forget.

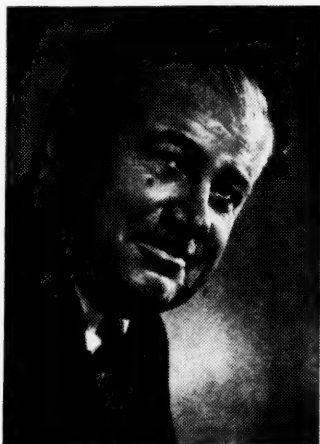
The other remark was made by a nun in Indianapolis, one of the countless people with whom Frank Folsom corresponds. She ended a recent letter to him with the simple statement, "Your apostolic nature makes you a true knight."

As a matter of literal fact, he is: the Holy Father has honored his services to the Church by making him a Knight of Malta and Knight

of the Holy Sepulcher. In a notably me-first era, Folsom's personal and business conduct is quite as chivalrous as that of any man who ever sat at King Arthur's Round Table.

On the sunny morning I spent

with him in his corner office on the 53rd floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza in Manhattan, he handed me an outsize visiting card. It was embossed with the red cross of the Knights of the Holy Sepulcher, and described him as Knight Lieutenant of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulcher. Folsom has 20 visiting cards



in 20 languages for whatever country he happens to be in, but this is the one he likes best. He should. His Gold Cross of Merit is the first conferred by a Pope in more than 800 years.

I found Folsom comfortable to get on with, but he can be as tough as leather if need be. For example,

an artist (one of RCA's 167 recording artists) whom NBC had made famous took a notion to blackjack Folsom into a fancier contract. The artist first hired a sharpster agent; then moved in. Folsom reacts with Irish ire to such tactics, but he controlled his temper and quietly told them that what they were asking was unfair.

Then, just as quietly, he turned to the agent and offered to disassemble him and dispatch him piecemeal through the 53rd-floor window if he didn't leave immediately. The agent got out. The star, much impressed, quickly apologized and left to hire another agent. The artist is still with NBC.

Folsom began his career as an elevator boy. He also sold magazines at a cigar stand and, after hours, worked as a prop boy in the old Heilig theater in Portland, Ore. His delight in meeting people, plus the thrill of selling, steered him naturally toward merchandising. Rather more rapidly than is customary, he went up the usual ladder: stockboy, apprentice buyer, buyer. Then his career was interrupted by service in the Army Air corps during the 1st World War. He emerged from the army as a sergeant, and by 1923 he was general merchandising manager at Hale Brothers department store in San Francisco.

On a trip East, Folsom was walking down New York's 5th Ave. when he spotted his window dress-

er standing in front of a fashionable shop window, studying its layout. The man, Hector Escobosa, was the kind of employee who, if he saw a dress put down carelessly by a sales girl, would buckle the belt, put it on a hanger, and restore it to the racks. Things like that were none of his business as a window dresser, but Escobosa had a feeling for the right way, and Folsom had noticed it. Now, here was this conscientious fellow standing in front of 5th Ave. shop windows instead of being on the job in San Francisco.

Curious, Folsom stepped up and spoke to him. It turned out that Escobosa had saved up his money for a trip to get new ideas for Hale Brothers. Folsom immediately arranged for Escobosa to go anywhere he wished and encouraged him to learn all he could from the ground up. Escobosa learned rapidly and well, and some weeks after both men had returned to San Francisco, Folsom called him in.

"Hector," he said, "starting the first of the year you'll be buyer for our budget-dress department."

"But I don't know anything about buying dresses," replied Escobosa.

"Neither does the person who's buying them now," Folsom told him. "But she doesn't know she doesn't know. You we can teach."

Once again Escobosa learned well, so well that he wasn't in the job long before he came to Folsom

with an offer from another store of twice what Frank was paying him. Folsom told him to turn it down, that he wouldn't be happy there.

Now, this is a familiar stall often used by unscrupulous employers to hold capable men at low salaries. But Hector trusted his boss and accepted his advice. Twice more such offers came to Escobosa, and each time Folsom said, "That's not for you, Hector. You wouldn't be happy with them."

Escobosa began to feel disturbed. When the next offer turned up, he blurted out, "I think I ought to take it, Mr. Folsom. After all, I'm making only half that here."

"You've made only half that because we've been training you, Hector," Folsom told him bluntly. "Now you're ready for the big opportunity, and this is it. But their offer, instead of being twice what you are getting here, should be four times that. That's what the job pays. And I'm going to get it for you."

Folsom picked up the phone, called the Kansas City department store that wanted Escobosa, and told them the salary they would have to pay. They agreed, and as he shook hands, Folsom said, "Hector, some day you will be one of the greatest merchandisers in America." Escobosa is now president of a large West Coast specialty store.

The square deal and the helping hand have become Frank Folsom's

trade-marks. After the 2nd World War, he set up RCA's special-training program for veterans with good war records but no previous employment background. Of the ten men who started the course, all have done well and some are already in executive jobs with RCA.

On a recent trip to Italy, Folsom rounded up 25 RCA technicians and took them to dinner in Rome. He knew they must be lonesome away from home, so after his return to the U.S., he sent each one a note along with books and other small gifts.

Now, when one of them is in the States, he always drops in on Folsom for a chat. Indeed, anybody with a legitimate claim on his time can get to see Folsom. He wastes no energy in manufacturing an impression of his own importance. He won't allow his three secretaries to filter his phone calls. People who insist on carrying a complaint to the head man have often been surprised to hear Folsom on the phone, eagerly inquiring what he can do for them. Ladies who complain in his presence about their TV sets, even on social occasions, are likely to find an RCA technician at their door the next morning.

Folsom enjoys playing golf. He belongs to the Augusta, Ga., National Golf club, where Eisenhower plays, as well as to a number of clubs around New York. He shoots in the low 90's. A friend of his says that Folsom suffers, like all great

men, from a delusion, in his case, the notion that he can play golf.

But this needling doesn't bother him. He doesn't count golf as a hobby. He says his real hobby is "giving the younger generation the same breaks that somebody else gave me."

Folsom and his wife, naturally enough, are fond of children; they have raised five. Three were their own daughters, Betty Marian, Dorothy Gladys, and Jeanne Frances, all married now. The other two were sons of one of Frank's brothers. The brother had died when one was a baby and shortly before the other was born.

Having brought both nephews to manhood, the Folsoms knew the pang of loss when one was killed in an air battle over the Pacific during the 2nd World War. Eighteen grandchildren have helped to heal the scars in the meantime; and it is with one group or another of little ones that Frank and Mrs. Folsom spend their week ends, whether this means flying to Florida or having them come to New York.

Grandpa Folsom clings to a custom of his own early years of married life: breakfast for the whole family at a restaurant after Sunday Mass. Now, as with his own children, the oldest grandchild orders first. The breakfast custom began when Folsom was moving from job to job and from city to city. He was not one to go on ahead and send for his family later. They

all went along, and until a permanent home could be found, stayed together at a hotel.

For the children, this was always fun. It meant exploring a new town and, each Sunday, a new restaurant. Folsom claims there's no better way of getting to know your family. "Moving to a new city," he points out, "you don't know anybody. You don't belong to any clubs; there's no place to go after office hours but home. You're thrown in more with your family than you ever would be under more settled conditions."

Folsom happened to be in Washington in the summer of 1940, when the war in Europe really got going. He went to work in national defense, serving as special assistant to the undersecretary of the navy and chief of navy materiel procurement until 1943. At that time, Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff of RCA was looking for a man of Folsom's qualifications, and the present atomic energy commissioner, Adm. Lewis Strauss, told him about Frank.

Folsom laughs as he recalls a "five-hour lunch" in Manhattan at which he and Sarnoff talked over every detail of the job Sarnoff was offering. Every detail except one—Folsom was on the plane before he remembered that nothing had been said about salary. "And I never did find out what my salary would be," he says with a grin, "until I got my first pay check."

The Folsoms live modestly in a six-room apartment in one of those

cooperative dwellings on Park Ave. Though they have a 27-inch TV set with remote controls in the dining room, only Gladys has one in her bedroom. Frank takes the job home and wants no distraction. A snow-fall of air-mail letters in Folsom's hand sifts down on RCA executive desks all over the world the first couple of days each week. They are full of ideas, questions, and applause for jobs well done. For relaxation, Frank prefers to settle down with a good book.

Among the various clubs to which Folsom belongs is one founded by himself, and jestingly named the Society of Profound Thinkers. It still meets at dinner in Washington once a year. Elmo Roper, the public-opinion analyst, claims that it was at a meeting of this club that the merger of army-navy purchasing got started. The late Al Browning, an army purchasing man, said to Folsom, "As an old pants buyer, how about giving us a hand? We're taking an awful gypping on army pants."

Said Folsom, "Sure. And as an old paint buyer, you can help me out. The navy is taking a beating on paint."

So the two men got busy and put the merger into gear. When snarls developed, Folsom usually found a way to cut through them. In the citation accompanying Folsom's Distinguished Civilian Service award, the late James Forrestal credits him with having saved the

navy millions of dollars through such interservice cooperation.

It's a sure thing he'll be on the go for at least another five years to RCA's far-flung outposts. That impalpable but mighty web, spun largely from the genius of General Sarnoff, whom Folsom regards with just about the same warm affection he has for Cardinal Spellman, responds to the administrative manipulations of a team perhaps unexampled in American industry.\* At the 10th-anniversary dinner that Sarnoff gave for 600 people last December in the Grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria to honor Frank Folsom, the philosopher-scientist paid moving tribute to the Oregon farmer's son. "I do not know of any company secret," said Sarnoff, "that isn't open between us, on the desk, in the desk, and in our hearts."

Folsom, disavowing credit for "what so many wonderful people helped me to do," said simply, "If the warmth and friendship of man for his fellow man, as reflected in this room tonight, could be projected, there just never would be any war or strife." He had a prepared speech, but he tossed it aside to speak from the heart.

It is typical that once the lump in the throat had gone down, the comment about the dinner he enjoyed most came from the owner of a place Folsom likes to eat at,

\*Their company employs 65,000 people, last year grossed \$835,054,000.

Toots Shor. "So because this is the only job Folsom has been able to hold for ten years straight," growled Shor, "they give him a dinner."

Folsom doesn't believe in hiding his Catholic religion under a bushel. His rosary is always in his pants pocket. He'll never take a business trip if a Sunday is on the schedule unless he's sure he can get to Mass. He has never forgotten a little remark once made by his friend Bishop Sheen when they were strolling among the crypts of Rome, watching repairs being made to the tomb of St. Peter. They had passed some

workmen enjoying their lunch of bread and cheese and wine, perched atop the prone marble effigy of one of the Popes. Folsom was shocked, but Bishop Sheen merely murmured, "I guess we're not very important after we're dead, are we, Frank?"

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Frank plans to devote all his time to work for the Church after his retirement five years from now. If Folsom, now 60, matches his father's record of living to a robust 94, that will leave many good years to the Church.

### Pot Luck

THE BEAUTY operator, full of indignation, was telling Mrs. Brown the latest news. "I understand that your husband has been playing a lot of cards lately," she murmured.

"What's wrong with that?" answered Mrs. Brown. "He told me he's only playing for small stakes. I don't think there's anything wrong with gambling as long as it's for something to eat."

*Wall Street Journal* (1 March '54).



### Four Courses

THE BOOKIE slowly counted out the money into the old lady's wrinkled hands. "Lady," he said, "I just don't understand. How did you manage to pick the winner?"

The old lady patted her white locks in place. She looked a little bewildered. "Really," she said, "I don't know myself. I just stuck a pin in the paper and . . . well, there it is."

The bookie took a deep breath. "That's all very well, lady," he sighed. "But how on earth did you manage to pick four winners yesterday afternoon?"

"Oh," replied the lady, "that was easy. I used a fork."

*L & N Magazine.*



## The Open Door

A MAN CAME to see the late Father Francis G. Browne, one-time parish priest of Hampstead, London. "Father," he said, "I want to join your Church."

"And why?" asked Father Browne.

"Well, Father, it's like this," the man replied. "I'm a house decorator, and I am doing some painting at the convent. What I have seen there has fairly shaken me.

"I swear that it is true: I've seen 50 women together in the chapel for half an hour at a time, and not one of them spoke a word. Now, my missus talks from morning to night, and I can't do a thing to stop her. It seems clear to me that if a Church can silence 50 women for solid half-hours, that Church must be the right one, and I want to join it."

H. P. Thompson, C.M.S.

I LIKED to dance very much, but my non-Catholic husband wasn't very good at it. One night at a party, I danced with other partners to the extent that I irritated my husband, and after several drinks he made a scene. I was so embarrassed, I took a cab home.

The next day, he apologized. He said he would just have to learn to dance, to avoid similar future incidents. I promptly registered him at the local dancing studio.

We danced well together, and he enjoyed it very much. I suggested, "Dancing together has given us so much in common, wouldn't it be nice to be able to pray together?" He considered the hint, and took instructions.

Mrs. Leland Krueger.

JOAN, like many other Irish girls, had to seek employment in England. She became housekeeper for an elderly Protestant gentleman. He treated her kindly. But he was very anti-Catholic, and he did all he could to keep her away from her religious duties.

Seeing her grow more determined, he resorted to a more direct method. One Sunday morning he hid her shoes. She made the three-mile round trip to Mass barefoot.

The astounded bigot responded to the girl's simple act of faith and sacrifice. His enkindled interest led to instructions and conversion.

As told to Desmond MacCarthy.

*[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]*



# Chef Omar Khayyam's America

*George Mardikian knows what it means to be a U. S. citizen, and has lived accordingly*

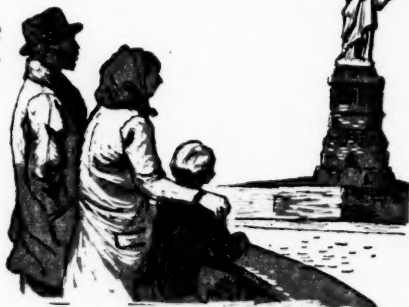
By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

Condensed from "The Golden Door"\*

GEORGE MARDIKIAN, an Armenian, has lived through several lifetimes of horror. He was only six when Turks massacred Armenian Christians in Cilicia in 1909. "I remember," he says, "the people coming into the churches with their arms cut off, and their ears cut off, and their legs cut off by Turk scimitars."

Then, in quick succession, came the chaotic periods of the Italian-Turkish war in 1911, the Balkan uprising in 1912 that slashed into Turkey, and the 1st World War. George's family fled to Tiflis, in Caucasian Georgia, in 1915, escaping the greatest massacre in history, the slaughter of 1½ million Armenians in Turkey.

Armenia became a republic at the end of the 1st World War. But it was a short-lived republic. In November, 1920, the Russians took over Armenia with the aid of the Turks. The Armenians, sickened by the atrocities that occurred, ejected the Reds and reestablished the republic the following February.



Three months later the Bolsheviks seized little Armenia again, and it remains a Soviet vassal today.

George Mardikian fled the country, and came to America. He arrived in New York by ship on July 24, 1922, a young man of 19. He was taken directly to Ellis Island for processing.

"They gave me a big cake of soap and a great big Turkish towel and told me to take a shower. They had hot and cold water, and nobody was afraid to use too much of it. I thought I had landed in heaven.

"There, in the suds and hot water, was washed away everything that belonged to the other side of the world, the hatred and animosity, all that was ugly. I felt born again. Under that shower I became an American."

Next day he boarded a train for San Francisco, where an older brother and a married sister lived.

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Mardikian did not arrive literally penniless. He came with perhaps more pennies than any other immigrant in history. His brother had sent him a \$5 bill, and on the boat a passenger had "sold" him \$5 worth of pennies. Waiting for him in New York, also from his brother, were the train ticket and \$25 for meals. "I brought \$20 of it to my brother, because I didn't know how to order food on the train. I ate potato salad for seven days."

Young George's first job in America was washing dishes in Coffee Dan's, an old-time San Francisco night spot. He worked from 7 P.M. until 7 A.M. with every other Sunday off. "All immigrants have the idea you just pick the silver dollars off the street. This is a land of opportunity, yes, but for those who make the opportunity. I thought that I was making a lot of money, \$12 a week. I could do so much with it, and I did. I began sending my mother \$20 a month.

"Later I found that Clinton's, down the street, would pay me \$13 a week, only six days a week, so I quit and went there. That was terrific: I could change jobs and no trouble about it. Then I found a chain restaurant that paid \$18 a week, with every other Sunday off, so I went there. I had to work hard, but that was all right. I loved work. Four years later, I became manager of a restaurant chain.

"I studied nights, or days, when I worked nights, because I wanted

to be an American, to walk, talk, think like Americans. My greatest ambition was to be a genuine American, so that the people who were so nice to me would be proud of me. The greatest insult was to call me a foreigner. Once a fellow worker called me that, and I invited him down into the cellar. He was bigger, but I was mad.

"I knocked him against a big mirror and smashed it, and I thought, there goes my job. But when the owner found what the trouble was, he said, 'Did George give him a good beating?' And the man I beat up said, 'He sure did!' And the owner said, 'Forget about the mirror, George.' And this is also the American way—the fellow I beat up became my best friend."

Eventually George opened a small restaurant in Fresno called Omar Khayyam's, featuring Armenian dishes. It prospered. But he kept his eye on the restaurant in San Francisco where he had washed dishes at \$12 a week. It was a proud day when he bought that place, too, and established a San Francisco Omar Khayyam's. Now one of America's most famous chefs, George Mardikian is owner of city real estate, two big ranches, and a radio station in San José devoted largely to public service. That is what America can mean to an immigrant.

And what can an immigrant mean to America? "I could have

lived comfortably working for my boss," Mardikian says. "But I wanted to contribute something to this wonderful country. I went on a tour around the world, working and sweating in the most remote kitchens to find rare recipes for America. I even went poking around in the San Lazzaro archives, in Venice, and found an ancient book, the story of Armenian cuisine. I took foods of the East and changed them for the palates of America."

The great and the humble have beaten a path to the exotic restaurant of this immigrant, now a proud American citizen. During the 2nd World War no wounded soldier, sailor or marine could pay for a meal in Omar Khayyam's. Even today any man wounded in the war eats on the house.

After the war, Mardikian went to Europe to survey the food and food-supply situation of the occupation forces there. Gen. Omar Bradley told him, "George, the biggest medal you got from the army is that everything you suggested we put into effect."

He eliminated waste and abolished the hated KP duty in the army. "By punishing one man, they punished the whole company. He didn't like what he was doing, so he did all he could to get even. I tried to inject into the Armed Forces, from generals down to privates, the idea that cooking is an honorable profession. A man must

have a love of doing it. Now men who ask for it get that duty, and they do a wonderful job because there is the reward of promotion."

He put years of professional restaurant experience into his survey, which was later duplicated in Korea. And so today the GI eats better, and the government saves millions of dollars a year—because of a penniless Armenian immigrant from Tiflis named George Mardikian.

On his desk is a framed photograph inscribed: "To George Mardikian—with appreciation of valuable services to the U.S. Army and with best wishes. Dwight D. Eisenhower."

In 1941 George Mardikian was invited to New York to appear on the *We the People* radio program. Reporters showed up at his hotel.

"Before we have a press conference," Mardikian told them, "I want to visit my favorite shrine and say a prayer."

"We went over to Bedloe Island. I tell you, they had lumps in their throats. There were six reporters, and only two had ever been there. Right at the base, where those wonderful lines are written, I said, 'Gentlemen, you have no conception what this means to a man like me, who came here from tyranny and everything that is bad. This is a shrine that should live forever.'"

The shrine, of course, is the Statue of Liberty.

# The Cloistered Quint

*Marie was the first of the five Dionnes to know what she wanted to do in life*

By LILLIAN BARKER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**I**N THE convent of the Servants of the Holy Sacrament in Quebec City, a world celebrity is serving her term as postulant, and expects before long to enter the novitiate. Then she will receive the holy habit, the beautiful white robe and long white veil of the Order.

She celebrated her 20th birthday in the convent on May 28. But for Marie Dionne, the first quintuplet to break away from the others, the "celebration" was marked by solitude in her cell; mixing and mingling with the nuns, novices and other postulants; prayer in the chapel; and unceasing gratitude to *le bon Dieu* "for the privilege of joining the cloistered Order that appealed to her above all others."

Marie loved her birthday anniversaries back home, because she loved her quint sisters so much, in

a very special way that nobody else could ever understand. She and her sisters—Yvonne, now a boarder pupil at the convent of the Congrégation

Notre Dame in Montreal, and Annette, Cécile, and Emilie, at L'Institut Familial, in Nicolet, Quebec province—were always charming hostesses to the archbishops, bishops, and other guests who helped them celebrate the all-important birthdays. As the quint's biographer from the beginning, I was on hand to cover such

events for a national syndicate and as a friend of the family.

For all their fame—and fortune, \$1 million altogether—and unparalleled glory, the quint's were extremely modest. To this day, they are embarrassed when anybody they don't know very well asks them personal questions.

An amazing sense of unimpor-



\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio. May, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Franciscan Fathers of St. John Baptist province, and reprinted with permission.

tance is the reason for this, I am sure. They are talented in music, languages, drawing, painting, and dancing, but I've yet to hear a quintuplet brag about anything. I've never seen such shy teen-agers. Marie, the smallest (she's barely five feet tall and an inch shorter than the others), was the shyest of all.

"Painfully shy," some people consider her. That's because the ordinary things of life, unless they led to her spiritual growth, held little interest for her. Marie explained this herself when she, through her father-guardian, told the world last August that she intended to be a nun.

At that time she said, "I've cherished this desire from my childhood." Then she added, "Spiritual values have always meant everything to me, and I feel humbly grateful to the Servants of the Holy Sacrament for accepting me as a postulant."

She wished that to be her final statement to the press. She repeated that wish to me during her last days at home. I was again a house guest of the Dionnes, back in Callander on my 45th quint assignment, to cover Marie's entrance into the convent.

But would she encounter reporters and photographers on the way or in Quebec City? The quint who deplored her fame and the publicity that went with it even moved up the original date of entrance, Nov.

4, to Nov. 3 to sidestep newsmen. "Maybe the trick will work," she said. "Maybel!"

Apparently it did, at least during the 600-mile trip from Callander, Ontario, with stopovers in Montreal and in Waterloo, P.Q. In Waterloo, Marie, Yvonne, Pauline, and their mother Elzire spent the week end with the oldest sister, Rose-Marie, her husband, Maurice Girouard, and their two children. Pauline is a student at the Beaux Arts in Montreal.

At the next stop, L'Institut Familial, in Nicolet, reporters were still absent. Elated over "the lucky break," Marie said, "So far, so good, mama! So far, so good!" Nicolet was the scene of the quintuplets' final reunion.

Marie's next discovery was anything but good. That very morning, Emilie, the one left-handed quint, had fallen and hurt her shoulder and ankle. The injuries weren't serious, fortunately. Just the same, they kept her from accompanying Marie to Quebec City, along with the other quintuplets, their mother, Pauline, and Rose-Marie and her husband, who'd driven over from Waterloo. (Papa would also have been a member of the party if flu hadn't laid him low in Callander.)

Marie and Cécile rode in the automobile with her mother and me. Thus I was with the tiniest quint during those tense hours that preceded her arrival at her convent.

I'll never forget her shock when

our car stopped at 1175 18th St., journey's end for the quintuplet who, in her own words, "had to be a nun" because she felt, in all humility, that God had given her the vocation. There, even from the road, she spotted reporters and photographers waiting at the convent entrance. Marie was aghast.

After her fabulous life, she might have known that her entrance into the convent wouldn't go unreported. How could it when she was the first quintuplet ever to join a Religious Order?

All the world loved the quints, and the newspapers and radio saw to it that the world was kept informed about their goings and comings. The world was told about their education, relationship with brothers and sisters, even the trivial incidents in their lives which they wished, every one of them, to keep private, Marie most of all.

But there was no escape from her fame. A dozen newsmen and photographers awaited Marie at the convent. The spotlight that glared into her eyes when she was born had followed her from cradle to cloister!

The press, learning in ways of their own that she was en route and due at the convent "not later than 3 o'clock that afternoon," had preceded the timid quintuplet by an hour. So had the photographers for newspapers, newsreels, and television. They weren't taking any chances.

To Marie, late on account of the rain and slippery roads, the line-up, familiar as it looked, was a scary sight. To her mother and Cécile, while still in the car, she cried, "What'll I do! What will I do!"

Inasmuch as there was only one way of getting into the convent, through the front entrance, she couldn't do anything "but face the music," as her mother and Cécile agreed. Only they said it in French, "*Il faut faire face à la musique.*"

That Marie did, trudging up the long flight of steps to the convent and on into the reception hall, followed by the gentlemen of the press.

And they could not have been more considerate gentlemen. There on assignment, they had to get their stories and pictures. But Marie, overcome with emotion, begged to be excused from answering such questions as to why she'd decided to be a nun, the other quints' reaction to the decision, and more in similar vein. The newsmen, appreciating her feelings, persisted no further. As it turned out, her silence was more eloquent than any spoken words could possibly have been. The reports in French and English, playing up her "speechlessness," proved it.

The hour for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was approaching, and Marie was expected to attend. The photographers, in their spirit of cooperation, postponed the picture-taking until after "she ex-



changed her worldly vestments for the black robe and long white veil of the postulant."

It was in that habit, too, that Marie's mother and sisters last saw her face to face as they talked to her across the lattice grill, opened for final embraces and adieus to loved ones. This moving ceremony dates back to the founding of the Order by the Blessed Pierre-Julien Eymard in France a century ago. The grill, according to the same custom, will never be opened again, except for other farewell ceremonies or to parents. Even the quint sisters, when they visit Marie, or "Sister Marie," as she's now called, will have to speak to her through the lattice.

Familiar with the Order's rule, among the strictest ever written, Marie knew all along that this was part of her renunciation. She further knew that as postulant, novice or nun she could never go home again for any reason whatsoever, if she intended to remain "a Sister Adorer."

For that restriction, Marie had been prepared before she studied the brochure of the Servants of the Holy Sacrament. As a child she and the other quints had noted with surprise that their Aunt Anna Dionne, a cloistered nun in Hull, P. Q., hadn't attended her father's funeral because "it was against the rules of her Order for her to come home."

Now Aunt Anna's niece was

joining another cloistered Order. The wrench was almost unbearable. But shaken as she was, the brave little quint with 34 relatives who are priests and nuns lived up to the family tradition: she smiled through the tears she couldn't control. The motto of the Servants of the Holy Sacrament, "All for the service of Jesus in the most Blessed Sacrament," must also have sustained Marie through the greatest ordeal of her life. It was really this motto which first attracted her to the Convent of the Servants of the Holy Sacrament.

The cameras trained on this girl, who was named for the Virgin and placed under her protection the day she was born, caught something of Marie's expression of human sorrow and spiritual exaltation when she embraced her loved ones for the last time. Then the grill closed, and she vanished from sight.

To her share of the \$1 million that the quints earned on motion-picture and advertising contracts, mostly when they were children, Marie had given little thought. Nor had she decided, the day she entered the convent, what she would do with her \$200,000 when she, Yvonne, Annette, Cécile and Emilie, at 21, come into possession of the huge fortune. That was "a matter for future consideration."

Romance was something else that had never concerned Marie. She and her quint sisters had read sentimental novels and seen movies



galore. But even on their 19th birthday they'd had no dates and no boy friends. But at home they'd often danced with beaux of their older sisters, Rose-Marie and Thérèse, before they married; also with friends of their brothers, Ernest and Daniel, other married members of the family. And that was the nearest the quintuplets, all attractive brunettes, ever came to dating.

"We're just not interested in young men," they said. "Too busy! We want to finish our education. Give us time!"

That was still their attitude on their 20th birthday. Finishing their education at L'Institut Familial in Nicolet, Annette, Emilie, and Cécile are studying French and English literature, music, art, interior decorating, home economics, and chemistry. They are thinking, too, more than ever since Marie's entrance into the convent, about their futures.

Annette, the best pianist of the group, "sort of figures on a musical career for herself," as a visiting teacher who would go from convent to convent teaching piano.

Emilie, who said some time ago that "she already felt like a spinster of 35," has formulated no plans except to go home and live on the farm.

Cécile, the most vivacious quint, the only extrovert, and the one the others insist will be first to marry, wants to be a trained nurse.

Yvonne, a precocious child and

a highly gifted artist, now concentrating on painting, French and English literature, and chemistry, "is going ahead fast" with her studies. But like Cécile, "she thinks she'd rather be a trained nurse than anything."

All such plans are tentative. Only Marie, the one who decided to break away from the others and join a Religious Order, "knew exactly what she wanted to do a whole year before she was 20."

Among her other duties, and none could ever be too menial, Marie makes altar breads. Later, after she has been trained in Gregorian singing, she will also become a member of the choir. Since she dearly loves to sing, this will be a pleasure and a privilege.

Marie doesn't mind the silence. She has always been a person of deep thoughts and few words, and that rule might have been made for her, really. And it was, of course, made for Marie and others like her with the same aspiration: to glorify our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

She is happy at the thought of advancing to the novitiate. But will this girl of 20, five years hence, make "the perpetual profession"? These years of experience will enable her to answer that question.

Granted that the first several months are the hardest, it's too soon to make predictions. But one thing is sure. "This is where I belong," she says. "I feel at home."

# Ants and Their Antics



*A theoretical five-pound ant could easily  
lift 2,000 pounds*



By O. A. BATTISTA

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

**A**NTS ARE prodigious athletes. They tend gardens; they have pets. They harvest grain; they keep cows which they milk, put out to pasture, and sometimes even protect with sheds. I have gained such respect for their instinctive intelligence that I have made a hobby out of trying to outwit them, particularly the ones which infest the kitchen of our summer cottage.

Once I bet a friend that I could store food in an open container for a whole week out of reach of the ordinary "house ant." So, one warm Sunday night, I put a large wooden tub on the kitchen floor. I filled it with water, and put a high wooden stool in the middle of it. On top of the stool, I stood a saucer holding three pieces of rich chocolate candy. Then I painted a wide band of very slow drying glue around the outside of the wooden tub. I stood back and admired my ant trap. I was fully confident that the bait would be untouched when I returned to the cottage on the following week end.

But I was wrong. Six days later, the ants were swarming over the bait. They had marched, single file, head on into the band of glue around the tub. A handful endured martyrdom, for they embedded themselves end to end, and made causeways of their bodies.

Ants hate water, but they were courageous enough to build a highway across the water to a leg of the stool. They assembled tiny shreds of grass and slivers of wood no longer than a thirty-second of an inch, glued them together with saliva until their bridge extended from shore to island. The chocolate bait was swarming with ants.

Some show-off fellows were doing things which ants have been known to do very rarely. A half dozen or so were walking across the ceiling. When they came directly over the bait they were letting themselves fall squarely into the middle of their merry-making brethren.

I have been on the trail of ants ever since, trying to trip them up or at least learn their antics.

\*Notre Dame, Ind. April 3, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

Few insects are fonder of the sun than ants. They will go to great pains to bring as much sunlight as possible to their little worlds. I have watched them systematically clear their back yards of shrubbery, plants, and leaves. They chew off the stems of annoying plants close to the ground. And any vegetation that threatens to block the sun's rays from their paths may be liquidated by supercharges of formic acid aimed at their roots.

Prof. A. LaFleur has explained why ants sometimes take a lot of the fun out of a picnic. He has watched the little fellows climb to a leaf on a low-lying limb of a tree, a leaf which happened to be casting some shade upon an otherwise inaccessible lunch basket. Once in the proper positions, the ants would proceed to chew off the stem of the leaf and glide down into the middle of the sandwiches.

For their size, ants are prodigious athletes. They can lift a weight 400 times their own weight. Theoretically, a five-pound ant could easily lift a ton. Luckily, five-pound ants are unknown.

The most skillful farmers of the insect world are the small heavily armored insects known as parasol ants.

They work at night, foraging succulent vegetation. It is nothing for them to strip a large tree in one operation, marching off with bits of leaf held over them like parasols.

Surprisingly enough, these ants do not eat the vegetation which they plunder by night. Rather, they use it as raw material for their remarkable underground gardens. The shreds of the leaves are chewed into a rich compost for the gardens where a threadlike fungus is cultivated. This fungus is the only food that parasol ants eat.

Included in the extraordinary parasol-ant society are tiny garden workers, slightly bigger workers who excavate the interconnecting chambers of the hive, medium-sized scissor-jawed ants who do the foraging, and extra large and well-armed soldiers. The prolific parasol queen ant, more than 100 times the size of the garden workers, is waited upon hand and foot by myriads of lesser ants.

Once I attempted to test the resourcefulness of some black ants. They were marching merrily along a length of cord stretched between a locust tree and a brick wall. Carefully, I painted a six-inch band of slow drying stickum around the entire circumference of the cord. A day later I found the ants still marching merrily back and forth. With only one casualty—no doubt the first to reach the glue-trap—they had succeeded in peppering the surface of the glue with bits of sand and leaves, effectively laying a macadam highway across the barrier.

The British entomologist, R. W. G. Hingston, once made an inter-

esting experiment. He cut a dead grasshopper into three pieces, the second piece twice the bulk of the first, the third twice the bulk of the second. These bits he placed where ant scouts would be certain to find them. As each ant discovered its prize, it hurried back to the nest to summon help.

Forty minutes later, the scientist counted the number of ants gathered about each piece of grasshopper. There were 28 of the insects at the smallest fragment, 44 at the intermediate one, and 89 at the largest piece. These numbers roughly double one another, and are approximately in the same proportion as the bulk of the pieces of food. The different scouts had summoned parties proportional to the needs of

the task the ants had at hand.

"When we consider the habits of the ants," wrote Lord Avebury, pioneer English student of ants, "their social organization, their large communities, their elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves, it must be admitted that these remarkable insects have a fair claim to instinctive intelligence."

Around the world, this instinctive wisdom is in evidence. Ants are to be found everywhere, in jungles and deserts, in the heart of Manhattan and in London and Paris, on the slopes of the Rockies and the Himalayas and the Andes. Thirty-five hundred different species are known.



### *He Got the Job*

THE Peerless Weighing and Vending Machine Corp. operates scales which dispense your weight and character when you put a penny in the slot. The company advertised for a sales executive to head its staff. One applicant stated in his letter: "I am clever, intelligent, diplomatic, tactful, loyal, enterprising, persevering, resourceful, trustworthy, and ambitious." He clinched the job by attaching ten Peerless cards attesting to these virtues as his evidence.

*This Week.*



A 17-YEAR-OLD applied for a summer job with a road construction gang. He was rather slightly built, and the boss eyed him critically.

"Afraid you won't do, son," he said. "This is heavy work, and you can't keep up with the heavier, older men."

The youngster glanced at the crew leaning on their shovels. "Perhaps I can't do as much as these men *can* do," he replied, "but I certainly can do as much as they *will* do." He got the job.

*Executive Digest.*

# The Day the Clowns Cried

*Emmett Kelly tells of the saddest  
day in his circus life*

By EMMETT KELLY WITH F. BEVERLY KELLEY

Condensed from "Clown"\*

**A** CLOWN is supposed to make people laugh, even though his own heart may be breaking. I've been a clown for more than 30 years, but I can remember one day I didn't try to make anyone laugh. That was in July, 1944, when our big top burned down at Hartford, Conn.

I was dressed in my ragged hobo costume, and I had made up my face complete with the putty nose, hoping that it wouldn't melt in the very hot weather. The performance began at 2:15, and I came on early in the show. Another clown and I were to do a bit in the center ring, directly under the Wallenda troupe's high wire. We held a tiny handkerchief in which to catch them if they fell from a spectacular three-high human pyramid on the wire.

The show always began with the wild-animal acts. As I put the finishing touches on my face, I could hear the band playing for the finish of the animal display, and then going into the Wallenda waltz music. At that instant, somebody

ran past the dressing tent, yelling, "Fire!"

That word is the all-time nightmare of circus business. I ran outside and saw smoke curling up from the end of the main tent, what we call the "front of the show." At first, I thought it might be the side-show tent. But it was the big top! The people! The children!

I started to run, but I was making poor headway in my big, flapping clown shoes. Suddenly I no-



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ticed that I was carrying a water bucket. There was nothing I could do with it because the tent was burning too high from the ground, and flames were spreading fast.

I could hear the grandstand chairs slamming inside the tent as people stampeded down onto the track and made for the exits. Some were jumping down 12 feet from the top rows of the grandstand to the ground outside. At one place a couple of quick-thinking circus men had pulled the canvas wall out into a chute for people to slide down on.

But most of the crowd was pouring through the exits. A panic developed. I tried to get into the tent, but I couldn't break through the mass of frightened people. Some of them, as soon as they were outside, remembered friends or children they had left inside, and tried to push back into the tent. I fought these bottlenecks as well as I could, yelling, "Go on! You can't get back in there! Keep moving, keep moving!"

At every jammed exit, circus people were busy doing the same thing. The mob was milling frantically. I remember one little girl who came out crying for her mother. I grabbed her and said, "Listen, honey, listen to the old clown. You go 'way over there to the edge of the grounds and wait for your mommy. She'll come along soon."

The last I saw of her she was trotting away. I never learned if

she found her mother, but it was a long time before I could stop dreaming about her.

Sparks were flying and the heat drove us back. It was hard to push the people away from the tent. The circus fire wagons were throwing water, but I could see by now that nobody could put out that fire. The big top was a goner. The canvas was nearly all burned away and the center poles were crashing one by one. Merle Evans, the band leader, kept his musicians playing while the tent was afire overhead, and they had jumped off the bandstand just before a quarter-pole fell flaming onto the stand.

May Kovar, a lion tamer, had been in the big cage when the fire started, sending her animals into the delivery chutes. She knew what might happen if one of her cats got away, and she stayed until the last one was out.

The circus electric-light plants are in big wagons. Flames were licking at one of them. I grabbed a man who was standing near it. "Come with me! This thing is liable to blow up!" I hollered into his ear. We ran to the horse troughs, filled four buckets, and threw the water on the fire.

One of the caterpillar tractors came rumbling along to get that wagon and pull it away from the crowd. It missed me by an inch.

City fire equipment had arrived by now, and water was being poured onto the big-top area to

cool it enough for firemen to go in. There was so much smoke and so much confusion outside that I couldn't tell whether anybody was left inside. Firemen and police now were pushing everybody back. All of us circus people were ordered away.

I could hardly see, my eyes were smarting so from the smoke. My face and hands were burned from sparks, but I didn't feel pain then. I stumbled off to the dressing tent, where I found some of our men putting out fires started by sparks.

My friend Willie Mosier came in and said he was pretty sure that nobody had been caught under the big top. He thought that most of them had got out the performers' entrance at the far end of the tent.

A little later we heard that very few spectators had used this exit. In a panic, people try to go out the way they came in. The public had not come into the tent through the performers' entrance and they paid no attention to it. Those who did get out that way had followed our directions.

The big top had caught fire at a time when few performers were inside, since the Wallendas performed alone. If the fire had started a few minutes later, the three rings, two stages, and hippodrome oval would have been crowded with elephants, horses, and trained dogs, and the tragedy would have been far worse if they stampeded.

I sat down now and took off my

shoes. I put my feet into a bucket of water, bathed my eyes, and tried to clean my face. I felt a great relief after Willie had said that everybody got out alive.

Then we heard the long, thin wail of an ambulance siren. Then another and another until the air was filled with the sound. We knew then that something a lot more precious than canvas and rope and hardware had been lost.

I went outside the tent. Men were carrying bodies from the seat stands. Doctors and nurses in white jackets were everywhere. The Hartford Red Cross disaster group, police, and firemen did a big job well, but the toll of dead and dying mounted so fast that emergency crews were called in from surrounding cities. Some returned soldiers there that afternoon said later that they had not seen anything worse in bombed towns.

When I finally was free to leave the show grounds, I walked past the ruins of the big top. I saw some little charred shoes and part of a clown doll lying on what had been the hippodrome track. Suddenly, the tension of the past hours broke over me, and I cried.

I tried to get a room in a hotel. The town by now was jammed with newspaper and radio people. There were no rooms available, but my friend Harold Nicholson and another man had a twin-bed room, and they offered to put a cot in for me.



In the lobby of the Bond hotel I found many of our people. They weren't talking or reading papers. They were just sitting and looking into space, remembering the most awful eight minutes in circus history.

We had been through wind, rain, and mud. We had seen wild animals on the loose, and railroad wrecks, and fires and all the other misfortunes that are part of outdoor trouping. But always before, in circus catastrophes, the people who died or got hurt had been mostly our own. The terrible thing about the Hartford fire was that the victims had been our customers, and that so many of them were kids. The dead numbered 168.

By evening, word came that the armory was filled with bodies. Long lines of sorrowing friends and relatives were trying to make identifications. One pretty little girl never was identified. When all the others had been accounted for, this child, dead from burns, but her face without any disfigurement, remained. Nobody ever claimed her, although her picture ran in every newspaper in the U. S. and Canada. The Hartford fire department buried the little body, and on each anniversary of the disaster it places flowers on her grave.

The city that night was in a state of shock. It seemed that almost every family in town knew somebody who had lost a friend or a relative or had suffered themselves. The

people did not think we had burned down on purpose, but there was an undercurrent of feeling against us nevertheless. We were outsiders who had come to town and advertised that we could make people happy. And we were Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey.

I went out and walked alone in the sticky-hot night. Newsboys were yelling "Extra!" but I didn't wish to read a paper. I had seen enough.

Some of the Hartford people felt bitter against us because our tent had not been flameproofed. No show had flameproof canvas in those days. A new flameproofing process had been developed by 1944, but we could not get the materials, as they were restricted for war use. When we went out under canvas again in 1945, we managed to get enough for our tents, and we still use it today.

Nobody ever found out how our fire started. It didn't start at ground level or it could have been put out quickly as it crept up the canvas sidewall. We always had men stationed at intervals around the main tent, and we had water wagons and fire extinguishers on the grounds. That fire somehow began up in the main spread of the canvas. Years later, a mental patient in Ohio claimed that he had set the tent on fire for a thrill. His story sounded possible, but he was unreliable on other subjects and nobody ever could be sure.

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## A Jew at a Catholic College

*He now wants his son to attend the same kind of school*

By SHELDON KAPLAN

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

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I AM A JEW, but I want my son to attend a Catholic college. Why? Because I went to a Catholic college, Holy Cross, myself. I spent four wonderful years there under the guidance of the Jesuits. I regard them as the finest teachers in the world. They gave me a philosophy of life which I know now to be invaluable, and they sent me forth with an understanding of God which I could never have obtained elsewhere.

Even more important, they left me a better Jew than I ever was before.

Now, if you're a Catholic, you may conclude that the priests at Holy Cross somehow failed because they didn't convert me to Catholicism. But I don't think so. They brought me closer to Catholicism, while never once attempting to undermine the religion in which I was raised. For this I shall be eternally grateful to them. I want my son to enjoy the same experience.

Besides making me a more sincere Jew, my attendance at Holy Cross did a little something to

make my classmates better and more intelligent Catholics. My instructors at the Cross were anything but failures.

I didn't go to Holy Cross originally because I wished to. I was sent there in 1943 by the navy, as part of the ROTC program. I was entirely under navy jurisdiction, and was not required to take any part in religious and academic life on the campus. I was, however, permitted to play on the Holy Cross baseball team.

When the war ended, I had an offer of a scholarship to play ball for an eastern university. I had visions of a career in major-league baseball. To my dismay, however, the university insisted that I didn't have enough credits to be a Junior. I would have to repeat all my Sophomore subjects. I was 25 then, and another three years in college would make me 28. I saw that I'd have little prospect of playing professional ball at that age. I'd be lucky to make the married men's team at a lodge picnic!

Besides, I was proud of the two years I'd spent at Holy Cross. I

\*Notre Dame, Ind. May 22, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

could see no reason why the credits I'd amassed there weren't just as good as those of the university. I turned down the scholarship.

It was then that my thoughts returned to Holy Cross. Would they accept a strictly reared Orthodox Jew as a full-time, civilian student? I decided to find out, and went back to Worcester for a talk with the dean.

He made no pretense of saying he'd have to talk to his superiors, or of asking me why I wanted to attend a Jesuit college, or even if I had any thoughts of becoming a Catholic. He merely looked over my record, gave me the necessary forms to sign, and assigned me to a dormitory.

On my part, I made one stipulation. I was not to be required to take any courses in religion or to violate any of the strict regulations of my own faith. The dean agreed, and at the same time he made a stipulation of his own: although I would not have to attend classes in religion, or take part in any Catholic exercises of the college, I would be required to take care of my own religious duties, by attending whatever services my faith demanded.

And, with that, I became a full-fledged Holy Cross undergraduate. There was one difference between me and my classmates: I was the only student with a standing permit to leave the campus on Friday nights (when the rest were under curfew) to go to the synagogue.

The other students had to go to 7 o'clock daily Mass. But I, with Judaic piety, shunned Mass and got my extra sleep—until the day I was summoned before Father Deevy, the dean of discipline.

"Look," he said, sternly, "I know your beliefs don't require you to take part in our Catholic activities. But we do, after all, worship the same God, and I think it would do you no harm to come to church every morning and start off each day with a prayer. So how about it? We won't ask you to say the same prayers we do, or to follow the Mass; you can say any prayers that suit you. But you should start the day with *some* act of devotion, and the church is the place in which to do it.

"By the way, Shelly," Father Deevy asked, just as I was leaving his office, "you don't *mind* getting up in the morning, do you?" I attended daily Mass from that day on.

Naturally, like the other fellows at the college, I eventually got used to it. I soon began to enjoy the inspiration that came with beginning each day with a prayer to the Almighty, in fervent gratitude for the many blessings He gives us.

At the same time, attendance at Mass provided me with perhaps my first realization of how closely tied our two religions are. In the liturgy, in the solemn chant of the Latin, it was possible for me to close my eyes and almost picture

myself in the synagogue. It was, I came to realize, the beginning of a desire on my part to see our respective paths some day draw closer together.

In my classes at the Cross, I studied the same courses as the others, with the exception of religion. History, the natural sciences, philosophy—I took them all.

As for friends, I was accepted on the campus as readily as any boy would be. The only question which seemed to arise was the same one that greets any stranger arriving in a new group: Is he a good guy? Once I was accepted, no reference ever was made to the fact that I was one lone Jew amid a group of predominantly Irish Catholics.

As to what other colleges thought when they saw the name Kaplan in the Holy Cross baseball line-up, I can't really say. Maybe they thought I'd changed it from O'Brien!

My roommate, John Witsil, was a truly wonderful guy. He, too, seemed to find nothing extraordinary in my being an undergraduate at a Jesuit college. My other close friends—John Shay, John Shanley, and Bill Sweeney—similarly took our differences in religion for granted. They invited me to their homes for week ends just as they thought nothing of visiting my home in the solidly Jewish section of Brooklyn.

During one of those latter visits I began thinking seriously of the

great need in the world today for understanding the other fellow's point of view.

I wondered how my parents would take to the idea of entertaining Catholics in our home. At the same time, I wondered what kind of reception Shanley, Sweeney, and the rest of them would get in my neighborhood (where, I must confess, bigotry aimed at the Gentile sometimes can be as strong as it is against the Jew in other quarters).

But any fears I may have had disappeared quickly. My mother, who would as soon lose an arm as break one of our strict dietary laws, somehow always managed to see that our Catholic visitors got generous helpings of dairy products and other prohibited delicacies which our own family was denied. By the same token, she would have been indignant had anyone suggested that a trace of meat be on our table on any Friday when a Catholic was present.

Our neighbors showed the same tendency to understand and to tolerate. There had been suspicion before the arrival of Catholic guests in our home, but afterwards there was an awareness of the fact that, while our beliefs were different, an area of agreement could be found.

After I had been graduated (and given up my cherished hopes of a baseball career), I continued to hold onto the friends I made at the Cross. Most of them attended my

wedding in Brooklyn's East Midwood Jewish center.

Now, I'm back once more in an environment where nearly every business associate I have, and most of my best friends, are Jewish. They frequently ask me to answer the many questions they have concerning my brief stay among the members of a faith which often is considered to be diametrically opposed to our own.

I've always shied away from formal talks on the subject, however, as well as from the requests that have come to me to write newspaper and magazine articles. I've always done so because I didn't want to put myself on exhibition.

I'm writing it now, though, for one reason: I feel that only by a frank interchange of ideas can we ever hope to promote charity and tolerance.

It is only when we really understand the other fellow's point of view that we can appreciate the way he thinks and acts, and can begin to understand our very real closeness to the same divine Spirit. It is for this reason that I say now, in all honesty and sincerity, that if I ever had a son who, God willing, shared my belief, I would want him to enjoy the same experience that was mine at Holy Cross. I would want him, too, to attend a Catholic college.



### *The Honest Answer*

WHEN Dr. Karl Compton, the famous physicist, was in India some years ago, his sister was having her house wired by a native electrician who constantly came to her for instructions. "Where would you like the wires? How high? How many plugs? Do you want two-way switches?" and so on.

This so irritated her that she turned to him one day, and said, "You know what I want; just use your common sense and do it."

To which he politely made this profound remark: "Madam, common sense is a rare gift of God. I have only a technical education."

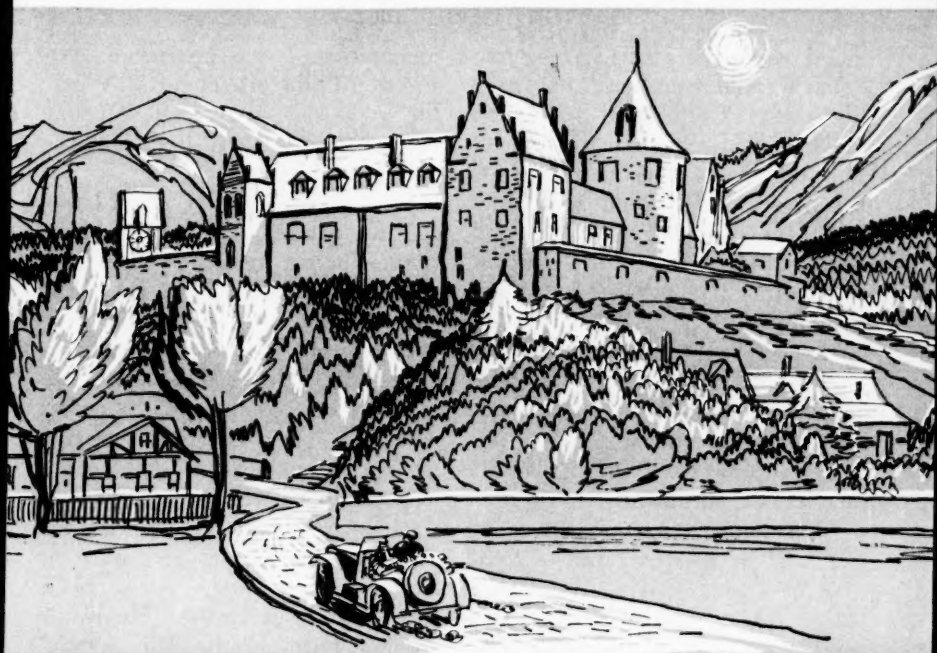
*Tit-Bits.*



A PROMINENT American, traveling in India, was entertained by a lady of high rank. The visitor was so impressed with the charm and grace of her hostess that she exclaimed, "I think that you are perfectly beautiful."

To which the Indian lady responded calmly: "I ought to be beautiful, my dear. I am 74 years old."

Bruce Barton (*King Features*).



# Our Castle in Bavaria

By BARONESS ELISABETH VON GUTTENBERG

As told to SHERIDAN SPEARMAN

Condensed from "*Holding the Stirrup*"\*

The graceful memoir, *Holding the Stirrup*, is a fond testimonial to a long-ago way of life that is dying. It is also the story of a wonderful love, and the record of one of history's most tragic plots—the attempt on Hitler's life in 1944. In an older day it was customary for a wife to hold her husband's stirrup when he mounted to go into battle. That gesture is the symbol of the baroness' fidelity and Christian courage through two world wars and a communist revolution.

MY CHILDHOOD was spent at the lovely old castle of Tann in Bavaria, Germany. It had belonged to our family for hundreds of years. Of all the houses in our family

estates, Tann was the place that I have always loved best.

Most of my day was spent with my French governess, Cécile. She would dress me in pretty clothes so

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that I would be ready for the few hours I could spend each day with my mother. Cécile tried her best to make a well-behaved child out of me and to teach me to do things for myself. She would sometimes say, as I struggled with ties and buttons, "Don't think for a moment that you will always be helped in this life."

Just before dinner I would be led in to see mamma. She was small and fragile-looking. I loved to touch her soft hands and bright, fair hair. I never tired of making plans with her for my future life.

"One day a prince will come, and we will be married, and we will live in a great castle. And I wish to be just as lovely as you, mamma!"

My life was like that of an only child, for my sister Hilda was ten years older than I. Mamma was a very young girl when my father, Baron von der Tann-Rathsamhausen, married her, after having been a widower 24 years. My father was a general in the Imperial German army. He commanded the military district of Nürnberg. Most of the time he had to live at our house there, but he spent his leaves at Tann, wearing his country tweeds.

My father's position meant a very active social life for the whole family. I disliked being taken to the drawing room to be shown off before guests. I remember that Kaiser Wilhelm once stayed at our house. For weeks we were in a fever of

preparation. I was instructed over and over in the proper curtsy. When the great day arrived all I could do was stare at the Kaiser's remarkable black mustache.

In the spring of 1914, when I was 13, my parents sent me to Hungary. There I visited my mother's younger brother, Count John Mikes, Bishop of Szombathely. He was waiting on his front steps to greet me. His welcome was so warm I immediately felt at home. We had daily Mass in the private chapel and long drives in the country. Wherever we went, people gave my uncle great love and respect. The peasants would give him the traditional greeting, "Praise be to the Lord Jesus Christ." He would reply, "Forever and ever. Amen." This was the end of the time later known as the "long peace" in Hungary. Harvests had been abundant, and there was a feeling of peace and plenty for peasant and great landholder alike.

ONE hot June morning my uncle came to me, his face grave. "Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to our throne, and his wife have been assassinated at Sarajevo."

Every day after that brought bad news. "Russian troops at the Austrian border . . . Germany at war with Russia . . . Germany declares war on France . . . England declares war on Germany." Thus began a long time of tears.

My governess and I rushed back



to Bavaria. Soldiers boarded the train at every station. They were very young. They laughed and sang gay songs, and stuck flowers in their caps. I was shocked to see them so happy on their way to war, perhaps to death.

My father had been made commanding general of Munich. His duties kept him so busy we often didn't see him for months at a time. Mother was occupied with charity and war work. I suffered intensely. Perhaps that was because I was just growing up. There was no escaping the black-edged letters that told of death. They followed us even when we visited Tann.

After the first burst of victory, the war dragged on to end in disaster and famine. The news of one defeat after another seemed to take the heart out of my father. One day a telegram came to Tann, "General seriously ill. Come at once."

My father was in the military hospital at Munich. He looked so white, so suddenly old, among the pillows, it broke my heart to see him. God was kind to him, for he was too sick to know of the revolution which swept the country. The Kaiser went to Doorn, and the king and queen of Bavaria were forced to flee the country.

Kurt Eisner, leader of the radical wing of the Social Democrats, proclaimed Bavaria a republic. A small group of naval officers led by Baron Guttenberg tried to overthrow Eis-

ner, but their plot was discovered, and Guttenberg was thrown into the Munich jail. He escaped, went to the hotel where his mother was staying, and changed out of his naval uniform. Then he joined the mob in the street who were looking for him. He cried at the top of his voice, "Catch him! Catch him!" After a few blocks he quietly dropped out of the chase and made his way out of Munich.

With the outbreak of the reign of terror, we brought father home from the hospital. We thought he would be safe. Soon after, a communist mob broke into our house and forced their way to his room. At sight of him, lying unconscious and apparently dying, they left. Yet everywhere there was lawlessness, terror, and murder. We didn't feel safe for a moment.

ONE morning we heard the muffled boom of distant gunfire. The communists erected barricades in the streets. We stayed in the house and kept the draperies and shutters tightly closed. The "White army," made up mostly of army and navy officers, fought their way into the city. Soon the blue-and-white flag of Bavaria replaced the red flag of communism everywhere in Munich.

Our friend, Col. Baron Franz Gager, who had led the advance guard, strode up to our house. He was in a tattered army uniform. He had two pistols stuck in a wide leather belt around his ample mid-

dle. A white cockade, stuck at a jaunty angle, was in his cap. He had a medieval war club that the abbot of a Benedictine monastery had given him. I threw my arms around him while my mother laughed herself to tears. We felt safe with "Uncle Gagern" in Munich.

He had a lunch date with Baron Guttenberg, who had fought his way back into Munich with him. Young Guttenberg now appeared. He was dressed in the most astonishing getup. He wore a regulation naval jacket over gray riding trousers, brown boots, and a leather belt with three pistols stuck in it. He also had the white cockade in his cap.

I thought he looked wonderful. Even in his odd clothes there was an easy grace about him. I had never seen so handsome a man. He looked every inch a conqueror. I felt my cheeks burn as Uncle Gagern explained, "These are the dear ones I fought so hard to save."

Enoch Guttenberg looked at me steadily while he said, "I can well understand why."

Both of them sat down and told us of the fight going on all over Germany to put down the Reds. I kept watching Enoch. I noticed his fine, sensitive hands. Finally Uncle Gagern said, "Come, Enoch, or we shall miss our lunch."

He rose and took my mother's hand. "For the pleasure of this visit, I would be glad to miss a dozen

lunches." They were gone. The next day Enoch came to pay his respects to my mother. This time he was in correct naval uniform. I was in the drawing room, but he didn't seem to notice that I existed. When at last he did ask me a question, I felt my face flush miserably. I stumbled over the answer.

He came several times to see mother. The more I tried to be attractive, the more awkward I felt. He was very polite, but he wasted neither words nor glances on me. I was miserable.

"Don't be a little fool and fall in love with this young man," I warned my heart. "He scarcely knows you exist. He is ten years older than you." But I was desperately in love. I could not eat. I could not bear to leave the house, for fear he might call.

Enoch Guttenberg's sister, Countess Stauffenberg, invited me to have tea with her. We took it in the drawing room and afterwards she excused herself. I was speechless with fright when Enoch suddenly strode into the room. He sat opposite me and began asking me questions. After two hours I was on the point of tears. By then he knew all there was to know about me: my childhood, my life in Munich, my religion, my music, even my hopes and dreams. The conversation had actually been a serious examination.

I went straight to mother when

I got home. "Enoch Guttenberg was there," I told her. "He asked me questions about everything imaginable; he knows absolutely everything about me. How stupid I was to tell him!" I began to cry. "I love him, mamma, and now I'll never see him again. I want to die!"

"Don't feel too upset, dear," mamma said. "He wouldn't have asked you so many questions if he didn't like you. Go to bed and have a rest and things will look different."

I was just getting into bed when mother's maid came rushing in. "Young Baron Guttenberg is here, bringing all the carnations in Munich. He asked to see you. He's talking to your mother now." In my haste I spilled my mother's best perfume all over myself.

Enoch was in the center of the drawing room, looking handsomer than ever. He held out his arms to me. "Elisabeth, your mother said Yes!"

ENOCH and I were married July 16, 1919, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The entire castle was decorated with flowers and flags in the colors of the Tanns and the Guttenbergs. The chapel formed one wing of the castle. It was a white-and-gold gem of rococo art.

I knelt at Enoch's side, so happy my eyes glistened with tears. I felt that we were united in adoration of the One so close to us there on the altar. It was He who led us to

each other. Through Him our love would endure forever. The sun streaming in from the high, vaulted windows seemed to give us His special blessing. I was deeply moved by the divine music expressed by voice, organ, and violin.

"Thank You, dear God," I prayed. "Make me worthy of this happiness and Enoch's love."

At the great wedding banquet, I could not touch a bite of the delicious food. Here was tradition, honor, responsibility. Yet I felt very small and anxious. I was reassured when Enoch smiled at me.

In other days, we would have set off for our honeymoon in a coach garlanded with flowers and drawn by white horses. Actually we used a new motorcar, decked with flowers. Enoch took the wheel. Along the road, the car suddenly stopped. The starter would not catch. Finally Enoch in his gold-braided splendor and I in my trailing white gown got out and gave the car a push. We laughed heartily at our plight, but we were glad no one saw us pushing that miserable car.

We passed the little town of Guttenberg. Our car wound up a long road to Castle Guttenberg, through a lane of immense old linden trees. At last we passed under the Gothic arch and into the courtyard. It was like stepping into a fairy tale. Enoch had not allowed me to see even a picture of the castle; I had had no idea of its beauty. It had been built in 1341. The ancient builders had

chosen a solid pinnacle of rock which overlooked the lands for miles around. The chapel was used as a parish church by Catholics of the village.

I passed wide-eyed from room to room. The Hall of Arms, the Hall of Ancestors, the library, the banquet room left me speechless. Everywhere there was stiff damask and heavily carved furniture, rare paintings and tapestries, statuary from the period in which art and religion were wedded. We had our first breakfast in a tower room off my bedroom. Outside was a glorious sweep of sky and forest and fields.

Our first child was born the next May. The chapel bells rang out joyfully to announce the birth of an heir. We christened him Philip-Franz. Enoch welcomed him with typical pride and gentleness. "God bless you, child; darling, in your cradle."

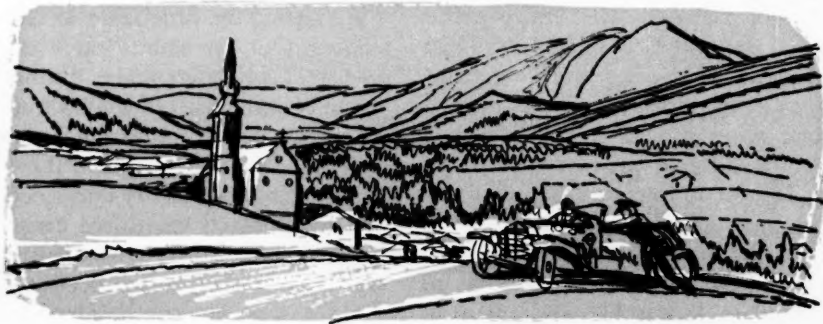
ENOCH was very busy with a political movement to restore the Bavarian monarchy. He was always

going to meetings, making speeches, and taking long drives. Many nights I spent at the window of my tower room, watching the white road below for the lights of Enoch's car. The bliss of our reunions would make up for the heartache of his being away. Our love grew deeper with the passing of time.

We always observed the ancient customs. When Enoch was "in residence," his personal flag flew at the top of the castle tower. When he left, the flag was lowered, and my spirits were lowered with it.

After my father's death, Castle Tann passed into the hands of my cousins, as my father had no male heir. I was glad when my mother found companionship in marriage with Baron Franz Gagern, who had been so kind to us during the Red uprisings of 1918.

I was 20 when our second son, Carl-Theodor, was born. For this event we went to Enoch's Castle Weisendorf. Enoch's mother was staying there. She was bitter because she had "lost" one son to me. I never seemed to find the right ap-



proach to her. I greatly admired her, but I was afraid of her.

When Enoch had told her we were to be married, she took an antique chair and smashed it to bits. Few people knew she had been deaf from childhood. She spoke three languages and read lips in all of them. She had adored Enoch's father, who had died when she was still a young woman. She had lost a son in the war in 1914; she never forgave me for taking her other son away.

Soon after Enoch and I were married, she warned me never to yawn in her presence. After that, try as I would, I began to yawn the moment she entered the room. The harder I tried to please her, the less success I had.

She resented all the changes I made at Guttenberg. She told one of the servants I was undermining the foundations of the castle by putting in so many useless bathrooms. The walls were six feet thick and had withstood siege of battles and the wear of 600 years!

**B**EFORE the end of the war in 1918, the value of the mark had fallen dangerously. By 1922 it took 400 marks to equal \$1. The Allied Reparations commission was demanding \$32 billion. In 1923, Germany couldn't make her reparations payment of coal and timber. French and Belgian troops immediately moved into the Ruhr. Even England protested this. The mark fell

to 4 million to the dollar. The country faced bread riots and starvation.

Enoch and I happened to be away on our first holiday since our marriage. We were staying at an expensive and fashionable resort on the North sea. I was delighted when everyone took us for honeymooners.

Suddenly the full force of inflation struck. Enoch did not have enough money to buy rail tickets to take us back home. He wired for money. By the time it reached us the next day, the very sizable amount was worthless. We could not leave the hotel because we could not pay our staggering bill. We could afford only a little food, and we stayed in bed to keep from getting too hungry or weak. In the end it took a fortune to pay the bill and get us home.

We had nothing left but our houses and our land. But we were much better off than most people. The middle class was wiped out. Thus one group that might have prevented the rise of the nazis was destroyed by the shortsightedness of the Allies.

It is not surprising that in the face of such a crisis people paid little attention to an unsuccessful *Putsch* in Munich on Nov. 9, 1923. Back home, we heard that the uprising had been attempted by a rabble-rouser named Adolf Hitler.

In 1927 we went to visit my uncle, Bishop Mikes, in Hungary.

Enoch and he became devoted friends. They had similar tastes, the same delightful sense of humor, the same deep love of life and its beauty. Both had dedicated their lives to fight for the ideal good.

We attended a Church celebration and I saw my uncle in his robes of state for the first time. He had an ermine cape over his purple mantle.

He was escorted to his cathedral in a state coach drawn by four white horses. He entered the great front door and passed down the aisle, blessing the kneeling people. We listened to the voices of the choir and the deep-throated organ of the vast church while the bishop offered Mass.

We all went on to Budapest for the St. Imre day celebration. A procession of boats moved majestically along the Danube. The first boat carried the Blessed Sacrament in a huge monstrance, circled with a halo of burning candles. Cardinals, bishops, and priests knelt reverently on the deck. The boats which followed were crowded with high officials, splendid in their colorful Magyar dress adorned with gold braid and fur.

The pageant floated past in deep silence; then the *Te Deum* burst gloriously on the night air. Thousands of voices from the river bank took up the hymn of praise. I shall never forget the experience. Next day a field Mass was said on the outskirts of the city. Thousands of

peasants came in from the country. They wore their brilliant native costumes. I saw them kneeling in profound piety.

IN 1928, Bishop Waitz of Innsbruck came to visit Guttenberg. He was on his way to see his friend Theresa Neumann at Konnersreuth. He urged me to accompany him.

"Tell us something of this girl, Your Excellency," Enoch asked. "One hears so many conflicting stories. Are the stigmata a fact?"

"I can vouch for what I have seen with my own eyes," Bishop Waitz replied. "I have known this girl for some time. Theresa is simplicity itself, a wholesome, active peasant girl who laughs and enjoys life like anybody. Except for her stigmata—but you'd best come and see her for yourself."

We set out next morning on the





two-hour drive to Konnersreuth. By the time we arrived, it was past noon on Friday, the hour at which Theresa, or Resl, as we all called her, sees in her vision the death of Christ.

We went to her house and pushed open the door. Resl was half-sitting, half-lying on a small sofa. Her hands were outstretched to the crucifix on the wall. Blood was running from the wounds in her hands. The white kerchief on her head was stained with the marks of the crown of thorns. Two dark streams of blood ran from her eyes and down her cheeks.

I was so overcome I wanted to drop to my knees. I did not think I could bear the sight of so much agony.

In that long hour, I caught a glimpse of the great and endless love which fills the heart of Christ for every human soul. How thoughtlessly I had offended that love; how often! In spite of all the suffering in that tiny room, there was also an indefinable peace.

We stayed the night at Konnersreuth. Next morning we went to see Resl again. What a change! Gone was the pain-distorted, old-looking face of the day before. Here was the shining, happy face of a young woman. The light which glowed in her eyes filled my heart with joy.

I knew then that Resl would be with me in memory all the days of my life. On parting, she took my

hands in hers and said, "Let us pray for each other."

"Pray for *me*," I pleaded.

"I need prayers, too," she said simply. Afterwards, I visited her often. She became the godmother of my youngest child, Theresa.

**DURING** the years 1928-1929 everyone felt a surge of hope. Germany seemed to be moving toward prosperity and stability. We often visited Jettingen, the big, square castle of Clemens and Elisabeth Stauffenberg, Enoch's sister and brother-in-law. It was in beautiful farming country near Augsburg.

I loved Elisabeth. Though she was older, from the time we met there was a close bond between us. She had wanted Enoch to marry me. With her sensitive nature, she was one of the few people who knew of the aching depth of love between Enoch and me.

There I met Clemens' cousin, Claus Stauffenberg. He was later to become an historic character because of his attempt to assassinate Hitler in 1944. At this time Claus was a brilliant and promising young army officer. He was tall, dark, and strikingly handsome. It seemed strange to me that he had chosen such a life, for he was sensitive and devoted to poetry and art. Some historians have pictured him as a great, physically powerful man, capable of brute force. Exactly the opposite was true.

The U.S. stock market crash of



1929 was quickly reflected in Germany. The wheels of our industry ground to a halt. The depression of 1930 made the crisis of 1923 seem small by comparison. The government asked people to eat less, accept drastic cuts in salary, and at the same time pay much higher taxes to meet the relief burden of the millions of unemployed. It was a vicious circle.

The communists taught that Moscow had the answer. Many people joined the communists, but even more turned to National Socialism. Hitler suddenly loomed as a messiah to the German people. They longed for a *leader*, someone who would restore their national and personal pride. They desired one who would shout down the talk of war guilt, treaties, and reparations. He gave them what they wanted—or thought they wanted.

The Nazi party had been banned in 1927, but it was again flourishing. Hitler's brown-shirted SA and SS "troops" began to stage bloody riots against the communists and Jews.

Everyone was shocked when the 1930 elections swept the nazis into second place in the Reichstag. With the presidential election coming up in the midst of national chaos, friends of aging President Von Hindenburg persuaded him to run again. This time his opponent would be the upstart Adolf Hitler.

Suddenly it was discovered that

Hitler was not even a German citizen! Through all his years of politics he had not bothered to become naturalized. The state of Brunswick obligingly granted him the necessary citizenship.

Hindenburg was re-elected and the SA and SS were ordered to disband. Hitler's answer was more rioting and bloodshed. When Von Papen became chancellor he was forced to appoint Hitler "Reich commissar of Prussia." This was a serious violation of the country's constitution.

The Weimar Republic seemed doomed. The people of Bavaria again talked openly of restoring their king.

ENOCH became more active in politics than ever. He felt that now was the time to achieve his dream of restoring the Bavarian monarchy. He opened headquarters at the Four Seasons hotel in Munich. I insisted this time on being with him. The offices were filled with the clatter of typewriters and the incessant ringing of telephones. Politicians came and went. Everybody was tense with feverish, last-minute work.

Enoch held conferences daily with the king-to-be, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Troops were held ready to protect him in the new régime. We even had records of the *Te Deum* and of the old Bavarian national anthem, *God Bless the King*, ready to send to the

broadcasting station at the right moment.

Early in December, the Reichstag adjourned and the vice-chancellor was dismissed. Enoch was ready to strike now, but at the last minute Prime Minister Held of Bavaria backed down. At first he could not be found. When he was located, he said there were slight errors in our plans,

"We shall have to wait," was all he would say.

Wait! Wait! It was already too late. In January, Hitler became Reich chancellor. After the Reichstag fire in February, Hitler took over complete control of the country and proclaimed a "national emergency."

Enoch and I went into hiding to escape arrest by the nazis. Not even our families knew where we were. I thanked God the boys were in Austria and our two little girls safe with my mother.

At the end of March the nazis excluded the communists from their seats in the Reichstag on the ground that the Reds had started the fire. That gave the nazis an absolute majority. Next came crimes against the Jews. Then free trade unions were suppressed. The nazis everywhere used the people's fear of communism to further their own ends.

We kept the boys at their Jesuit school in Austria, but we went back to Castle Guttenberg and sent for the girls as soon as the worst dan-

ger seemed over. Our eldest daughter, Nives, was dark-haired, with great, round brown eyes, and olive skin. Theresa, our "little one," had large blue eyes and long blonde curls. She had her way of getting everything she wished. They were a great comfort to us, now that the boys were away.

IN JUNE, 1934, we were listening to the radio when the lovely music of Beethoven was suddenly interrupted. "*Revolt against the Führer in Munich! Roehm, Hitler's best friend, leader of the plot! The Führer's wonderful instinct detected the plot in time! The plotters will be rooted out and exterminated to the last man!*" Then the music again. But this time it was not Beethoven, but military marches, interrupted from time to time by more staccato announcements.

Suddenly there was a pounding on our great oak gate. Wagner, the butler, rushed in, deadly pale. "There are about 40 SS men in the courtyard. They wish to see the baron." There was no time to exchange a word. The chief of the SS men and two guards pushed right in behind Wagner. They were clad in their black SS uniforms. The Gestapo chief stepped up to Enoch.

"In the name of the *Führer* I arrest you, Baron George-Enoch Guttenberg. Get your things packed, but do not move from this room."

"I am ready," Enoch said quietly.

"We must have your political correspondence."

"You may have it. It is in the archives." (Fortunately, anything dangerous had already been well-hidden deep in the castle vaults, reached only by secret doors.)

I studied the Gestapo chief's face for some glint of human feeling behind that flinty mask. "It is into your hands that I give the life of my husband." I threw myself into Enoch's arms. "Good-by, my darling. God help you."

"Good-by, my dearest. Don't lose courage."

The car with Enoch and the Gestapo chief drove through the gate, followed by the roaring trucks of the SS men. I stared into the black, empty courtyard. Enoch had

no part in the Roehm plot. But this was the chance for which the nazis had been waiting. I was sure Enoch had gone to his death. But where?

I fled to the Stauffenbergs. Together we decided Enoch must have been taken to Munich. We drove there at top speed and put up at the Hotel Regina. As we passed the lobby, I heard dance music. I was sickened to see so many heedless, overdressed people. They were dancing while a tyrant was taking over Germany.

[In next month's CATHOLIC DIGEST, *Baroness Guttenberg tells of the attempt by her cousin, Claus Stauffenberg, to assassinate Hitler; and of her own work in modern, resurgent Germany.*]

## The Golden Dozen

Ballots cast between April 15 and May 15 put *I Love Lucy* in first place on the Golden Dozen list, replacing Bishop Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living*, which has gone off the air for the summer. Bishop Sheen's faithful following, however, still gives him enough votes to keep him in second place.

In May voting, *The Loretta Young Show* and *Liberace* both moved up a notch in popularity. *I Remember Mama*, however, showed the biggest gain. It jumped from 12th place to 8th.

Here are your choices for your favorite television shows. They are listed in the order of their popularity.

- |                         |                             |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. I Love Lucy          | 7. Liberace                 |
| 2. Life Is Worth Living | 8. I Remember Mama          |
| 3. Dragnet              | 9. Jackie Gleason           |
| 4. Toast of the Town    | 10. Godfrey and His Friends |
| 5. Loretta Young Show   | 11. You Bet Your Life       |
| 6. Our Miss Brooks      | 12. What's My Line?         |

*Voting on TV shows is being discontinued for the summer.*

# Progressive Education Wears Off

*It keeps you happy only to about age 40*

By RUDOLF FLESCH

Condensed from "How to Make Sense"

**I** was born and raised in Vienna and given the traditional European education. I went to grammar school until I was ten.

I then spent eight years in a *Realgymnasium*, a kind of public-high-school-plus-junior-college that taught eight years of Latin, six years of French, six years of world history (two complete rounds from the ancient Egyptians to just before the point where things have any bearing upon the present), eight years of mathematics (from the multiplication table right up to calculus and descriptive geometry), plus large gobs of chemistry, physics, biology, a year of Middle-High German, and a year of "logic and philosophical propaedeutics."

At 18, I went directly to Vienna University law school. (It's hard to convince anybody in this country that the liberal-arts college is unknown in Europe. However, that's a fact. I repeat, I went from *Realgymnasium* to law school; there wasn't any place to go to in between.) Finally, years later, I got a second dose of education in this

country, winding up with graduate work at Teachers college, Columbia university.

As a result of all that, I seem to have nothing but wrong responses whenever the talk around me veers to education. I have eight years of Latin in my system but never went to college; I read part of the *Nibelungenlied* in the original but am unfamiliar with some of the most hackneyed English and American poetry; and I am continually astonished by practically everything my children spend their time with in school. My daughter is in the 4th grade getting a "progressive" type of education. I went to Teachers college, so I know the theory behind it all perfectly well: if you can generate interest and the sincere wish to learn, it doesn't matter where you start.

I do not consider progressive education wholly bad. My daughter stands a chance of enriching her personality with plenty of things that progressive methods and good teachers will have given her. Looking around me, I feel sure that

progressive education produces happy young people, well adjusted to everyday 20th-century life.

But unfortunately that's not the end of the story. The years pass, and those young people marry. Their children begin to grow up. The husband rises in his job, the family rises in the community; responsibility and even dignity sets in. Financial worries appear on the horizon—to stay there more or less forever—and life settles down. The day comes when husband and wife realize that they are now officially middle-aged.

Then, more or less suddenly, the problem of education comes up again. By now, the actual subject matter learned in school has been thoroughly forgotten, and the personality training that has worked so well during their 20's and early 30's has more or less spent itself. Crises and emergencies have arisen, all sorts of setbacks have come and gone, and the great lesson that any situation can be tackled by work and intelligence has lost most of its force.

Meanwhile, it turns out that some important elements of education seem to be missing. The husband is ready to step into an executive job, but he has the uneasy feeling that he doesn't have the vocabulary to hold his own. He isn't good at writing letters and memos, and has trouble with his spelling. He is frightened when he has to make speeches. He never

gets around to reading the books people are talking about, let alone the classics, most of which are just names and titles to him. He also knows that his reading is painfully slow, and a slow reader in an executive position is in an awkward fix.

The wife runs into the same problems. According to statistics, she probably has had less formal education than her husband; so her handicap is even greater. She tries to keep her end up in women's club meetings and such. But, being blessed with a woman's insight that these things don't really matter, she usually settles down to a happy acceptance of her own pet misspellings and the fact that serious non-fiction bores her stiff.

And that, I think, is the true state of affairs. Progressive education—just like our automobiles, washing machines, shoes, and overcoats—is practical, good-looking, does an excellent job, and gives you a happy feeling while it lasts. But it doesn't wear well. Instead of lasting you a lifetime, as an education should, it goes to pieces when you're about 35 or 40.

Then, facing the problem of how to get through the rest of your life, you realize that you don't know enough solid, basic stuff, that you haven't read the right books, that you are way below par in speaking and writing. You see that it might have been a good idea after all to have spent the years from six to

20 in simple drill in spelling or the multiplication table, or in learning a seemingly useless foreign language, or in reading a lot of boring books.

And that's why we have grown-up people suffering from a mental rundown feeling, and searching perennially for a quick remedy. They take courses in writing, they buy books on vocabulary building, they train for rapid reading, they tackle prescribed lists of great books. Does it help? Why yes, it helps in the same way that any pill or patent medicine helps: it's a shot in the arm, it raises the spirits, for a while it makes you feel awfully good.

Then a reaction sets in. Somehow the stuff doesn't take any more, those additional words don't seem to do anything for you, you discover that your reading rate is slowing down again to a lazy trot. You start bravely on the first chapter of Erasmus' *In Praise of Folly* or *The Federalist Papers*, and the bloom is suddenly off. So you switch. You try another well-advertised brand of remedial education, forums on current affairs, say, or a book on semantics, and after a while you get bogged down in that.

Am I trying to disparage all efforts to improve your mind? Of course not. It's all to the good. It all helps, up to a point, and anyway

you can't relive your somewhat misspent youth. But let's face the fact that all those "remedial" efforts are poor substitutes for the real thing. A bottle of vitamin pills is not the same as a basket of apples, and a home-exercise gadget is not the same as climbing a mountain.

The trouble with our current methods of relieving educational ills is that they are all artificial, synthetic, ready-made for mass consumption, quick sale, and quick replacement.

So if, at 35 or 40, you want to do something about gaps in your education, don't shop around for the quick-formula, immediate-results type of thing. It won't work. The only thing that will work in the long run is the kind of training you should have gotten as a child but didn't. It will go slow and it will take lots of time—evenings, Saturdays, Sundays. You must learn how to write not by a quick formula but by the old-fashioned device of steady practice; increase your vocabulary not by ten words a day but by days and weeks and months of reading and listening to unfamiliar words; read not great books or best sellers or books-of-the-month but simply books that will exercise your mind—and keep on reading such books one after another after another.



IF YOU are not satisfied with your lot in life, build on it.

*The Review* (Apr. '54).



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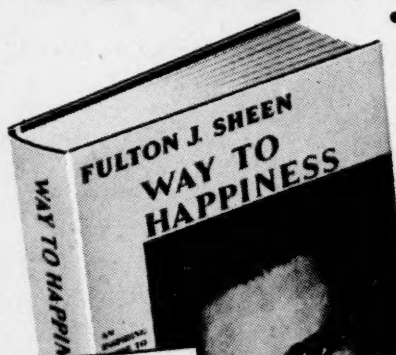
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